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Earth, sky, and air in song

William Harold Neidlinger, Walter Bobbett

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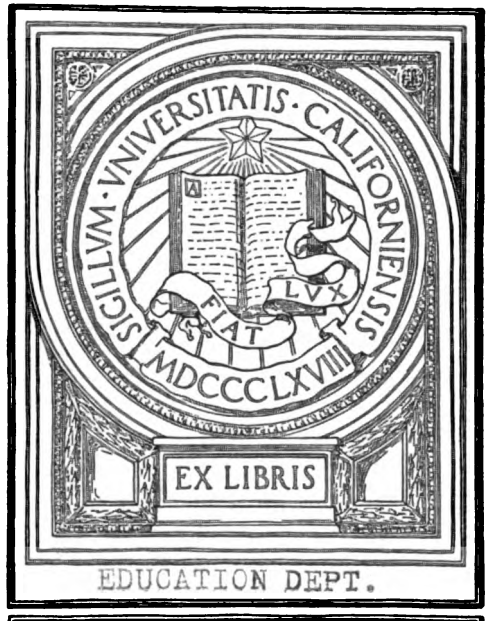
GIFT

IN MEMORIAM
Paul Steindorff
1864-1934



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Tivoli Opera House
San Francisco, Cal.

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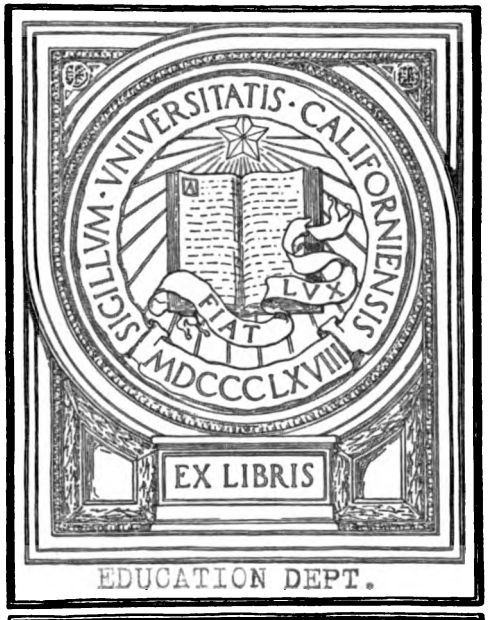

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W. H. NEIDLINGER.

EARTH, SKY, AND AIR IN SONG.—BOOK ONE.

E-P 2

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M 1997
N4
v.1
Educ.
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PREFACE.

THIS series of books is presented in the hope of aiding the youth of our country to form the habit of observation of Nature, than which there is no greater power for education. The series consists of two volumes, Book One and Book Two. It is recommended that they be taken up in the order indicated, though each book is independent of the other.

It has been my endeavor in writing the words of these songs to use the child's language, and to recognize the child's sense of humor, which seems to me of great importance. In the music I have tried to adhere naturally to the elocutionary expression of the text.

It is impossible to give satisfactory directions as to the manner in which songs are to be sung; but if teachers and others who may use these books will bear in mind the above fact and allow the children to sing the words as they would read them, taking all the liberties necessary for the elocutionary expression of the text, the best results will, I am sure, be obtained.

If these songs be accepted as educational, Mr. Bobbett's pictures must rank with the songs themselves as a necessity. It is therefore to be hoped that, wherever the songs are used, each child may have a copy of the book. This form of illustrated song is educational as a *whole*, and the song should not be separated from its illustration.

W. H. NEIDLINGER.

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EARTH, SKY, AND AIR IN SONG.

The Tide.

Quietly.

Old O - cean has a

mp

son, the Tide, Who ev - 'ry day and night Goes

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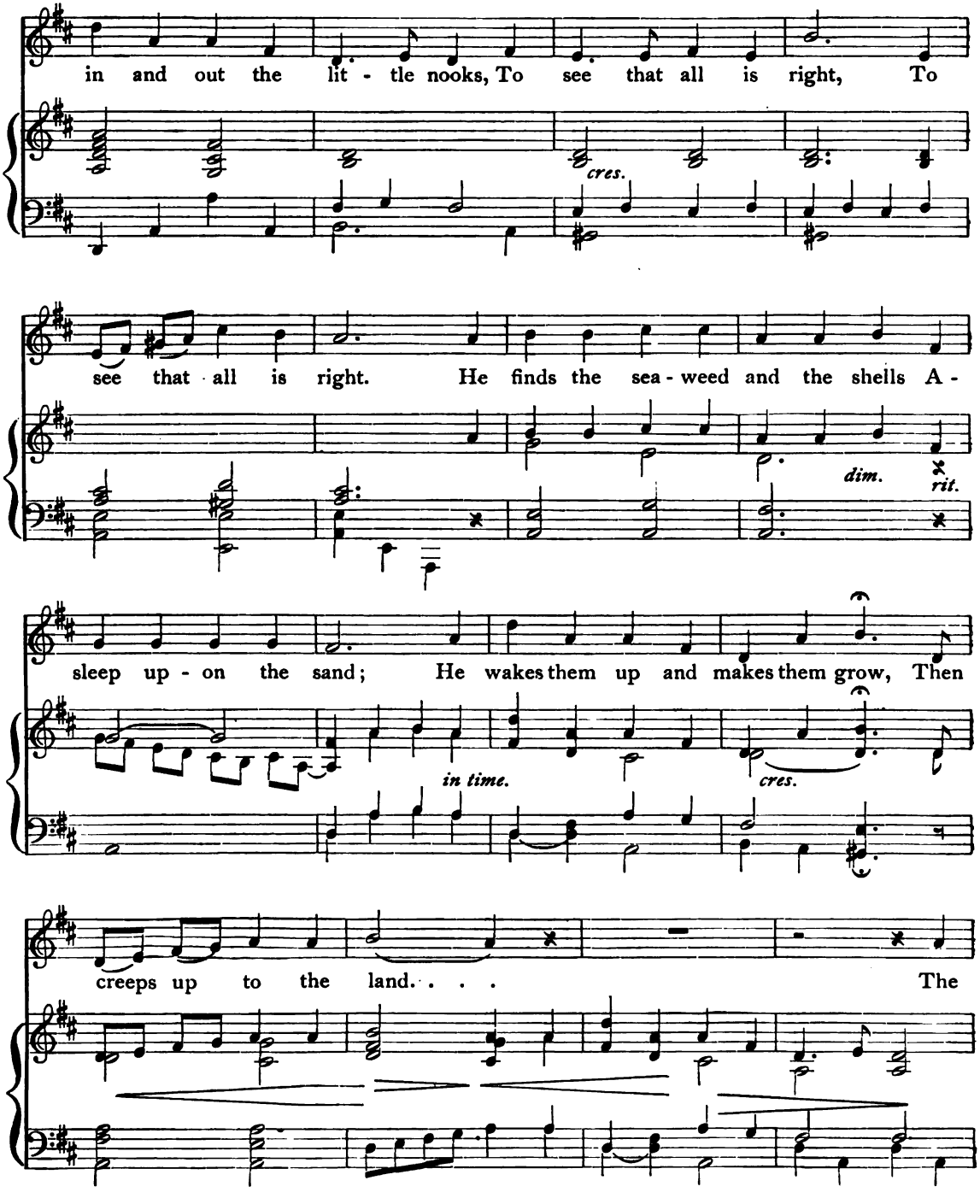

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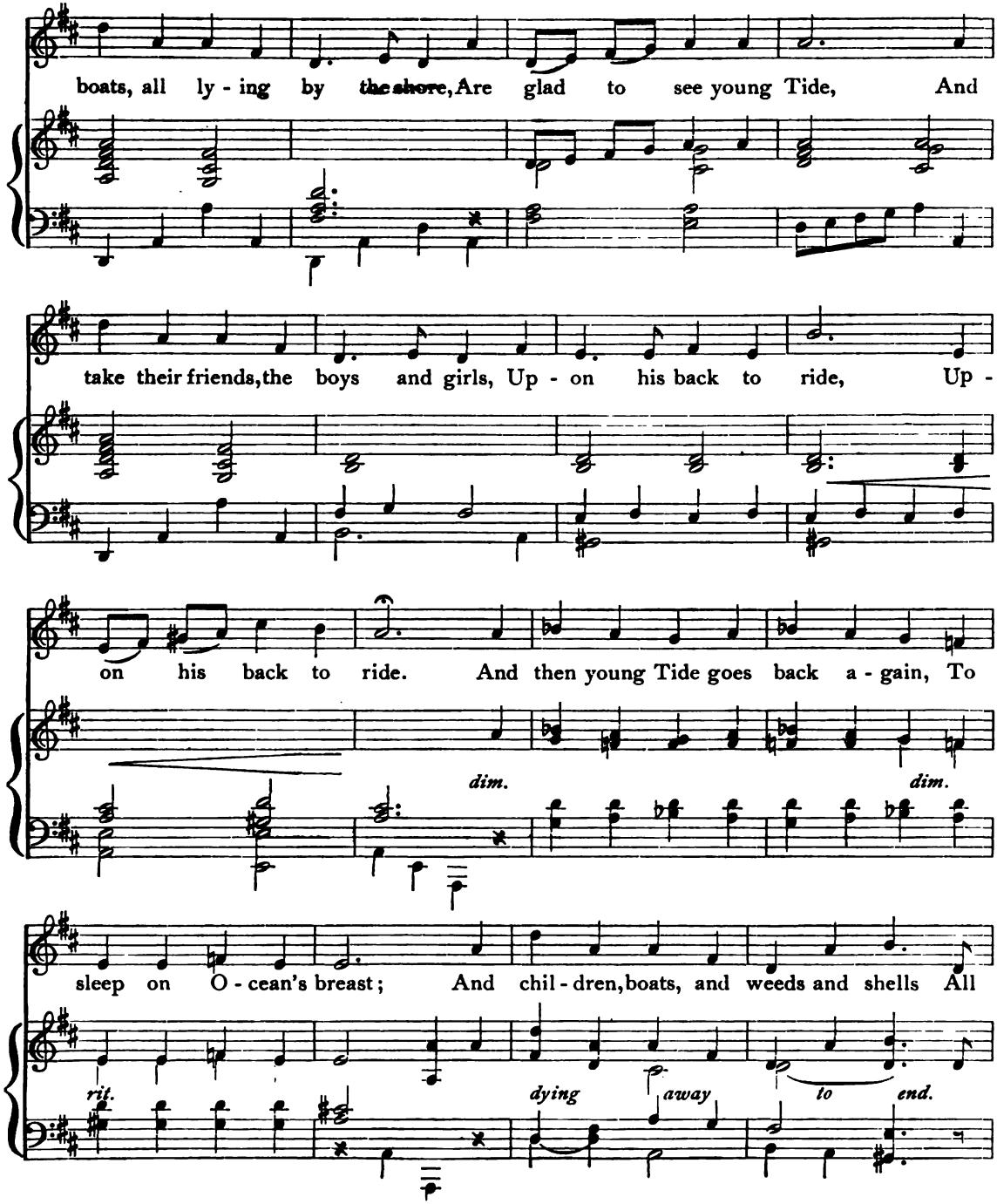

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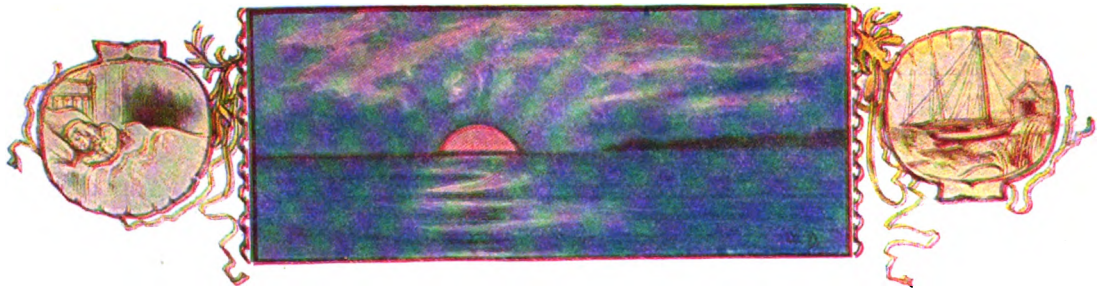
take an - oth - er rest. . . .



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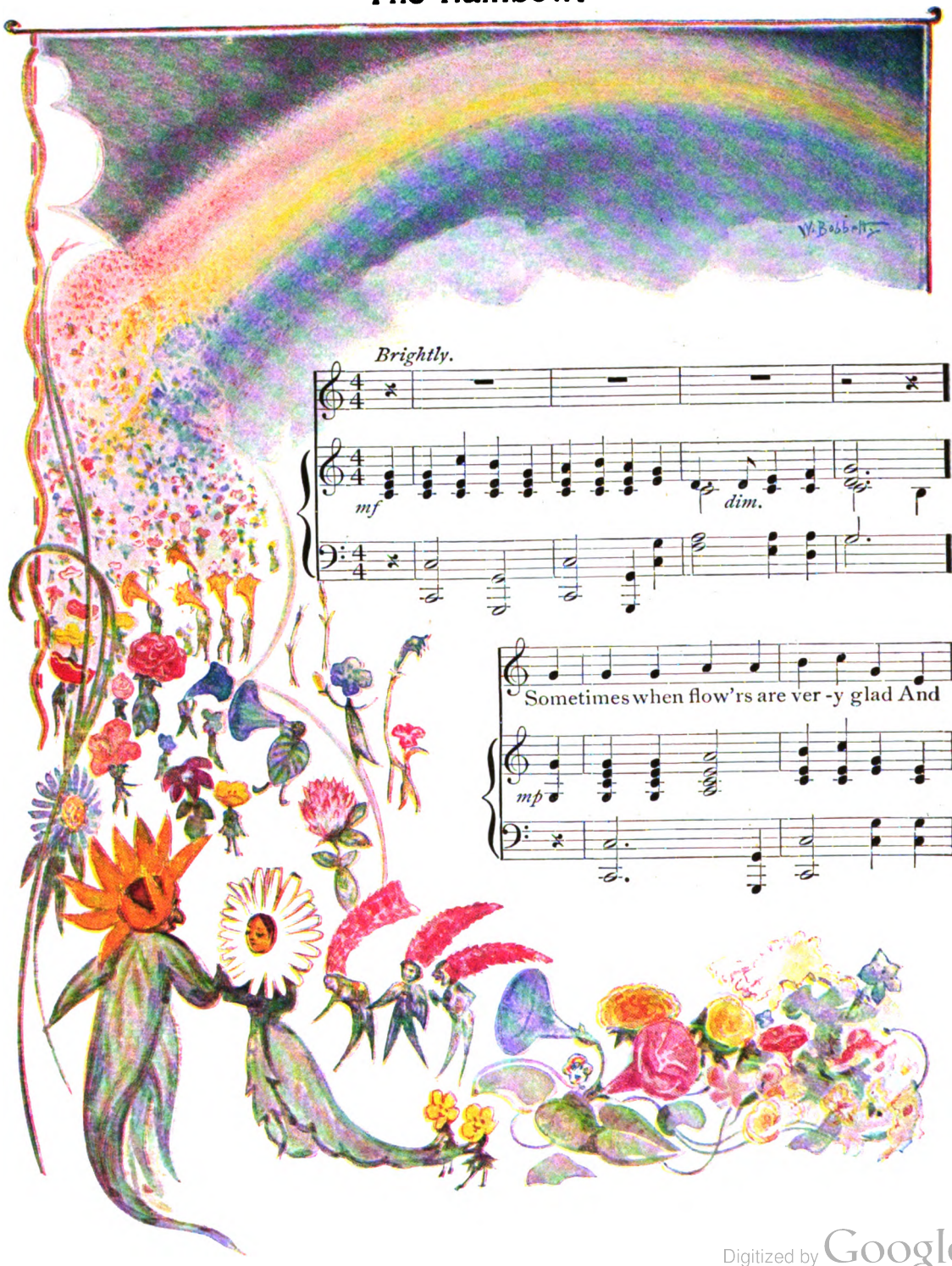
The Rainbow.



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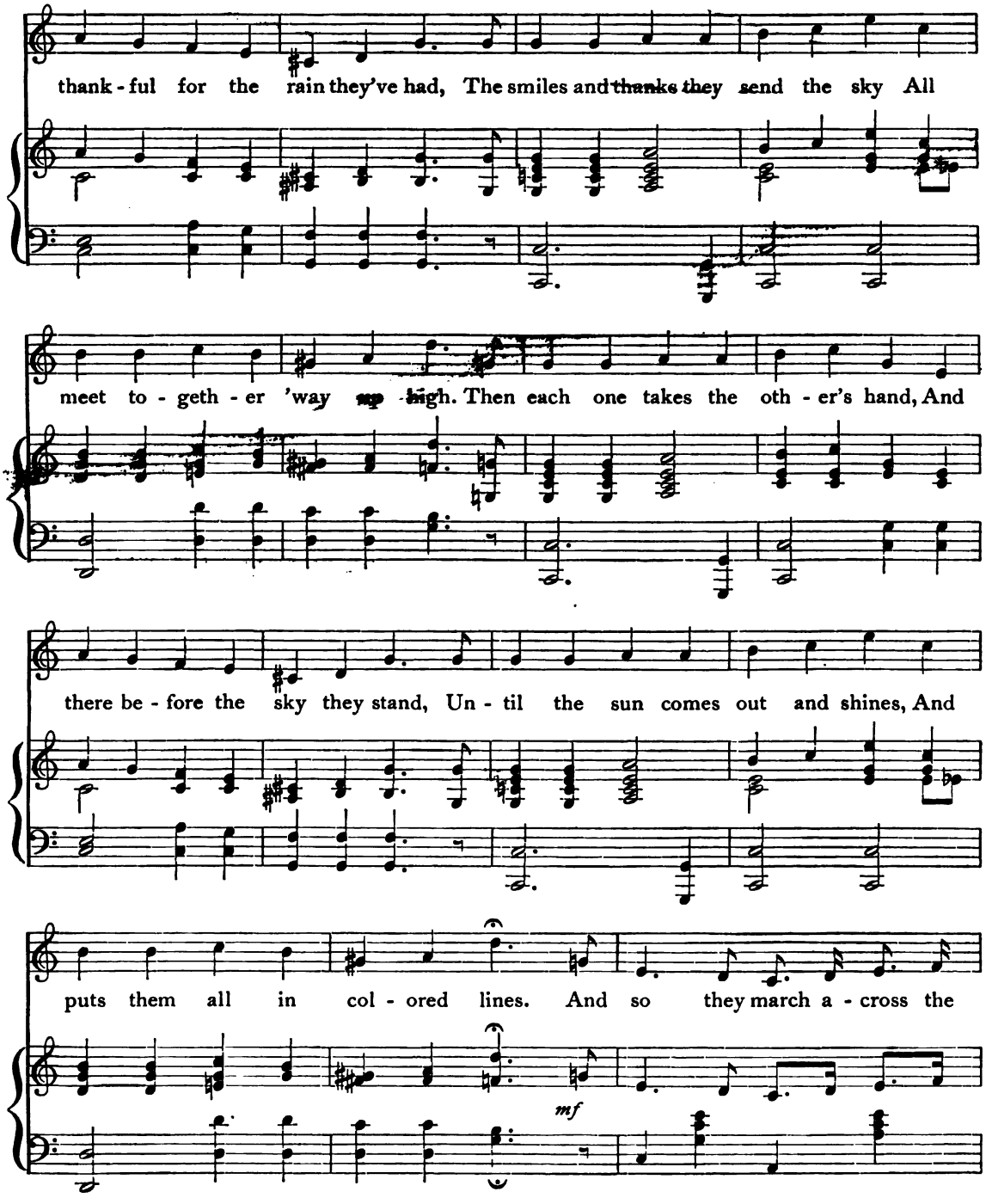

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sky, ... A big pro - ces - sion reach - ing high; And

then in - to the sky they go — And that's the rain - bow we all know.

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Year's Color Song.

Brightly.

Old Win - ter's coat is made of white, All

mp

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trimmed with bits of brown; And young Spring's gown is

green and brown, With lace of yel - low green, With

accel. *cres.*

lace of yel - low green. And Sum - mer wears a

rit. *in time.* *mf*

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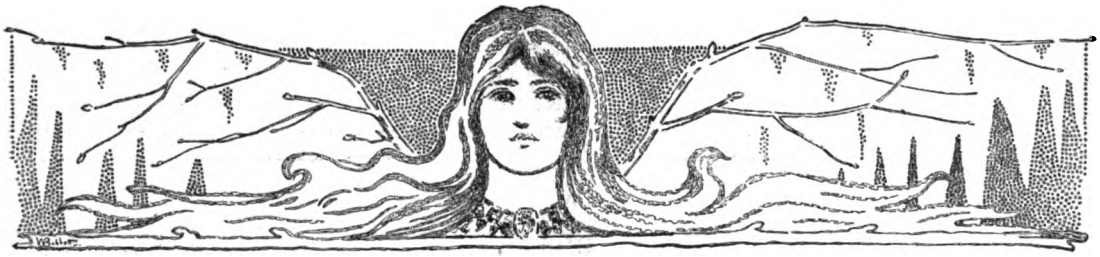
dark - er green, With flow - ers on the gown; But Au - tumn wears a

cres.



gor - geous coat, The pret - tiest ev - er seen, The pret - tiest ev - er

rit.

seen. The cloth is yel - low,

mp

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brown, and red, With pur - ple stripes and gold, And

col - ored tas - sels of all kinds He wears up - on his hat, He

accel. *cres.*

wears up - on his hat. In spots . . the coat looks torn and frayed, As

rit. *in time.* *mf*

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though 'twere rath - er old; But then, its col - ors are so fine, He

cres.

does not care for that, He does not care for that.

rit.

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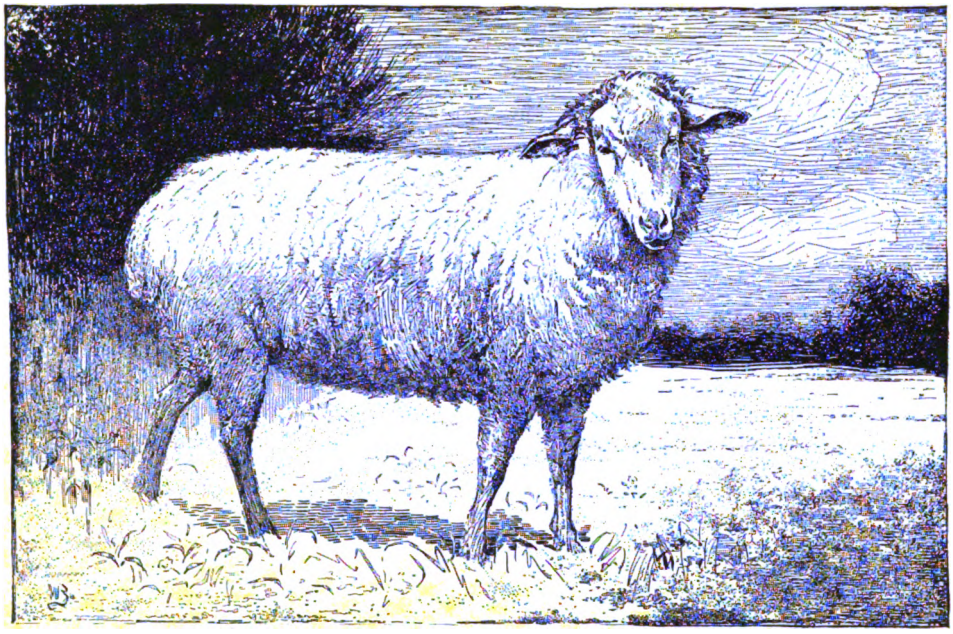
The Sheep.



Simply.

We have friends on land and sea,

mf

Ma - ny friends we want to keep; But of all our ma - ny friends None are

cres.

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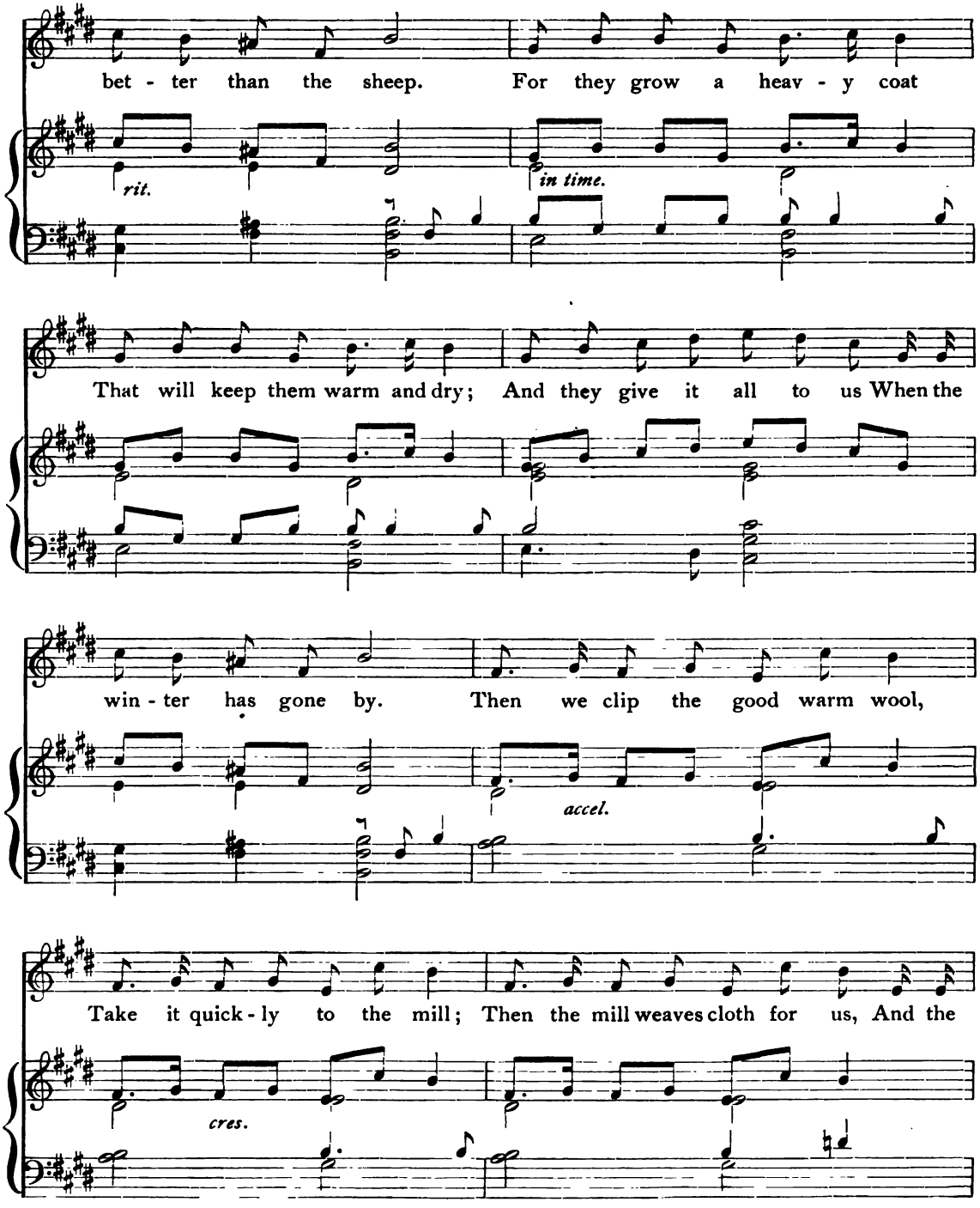

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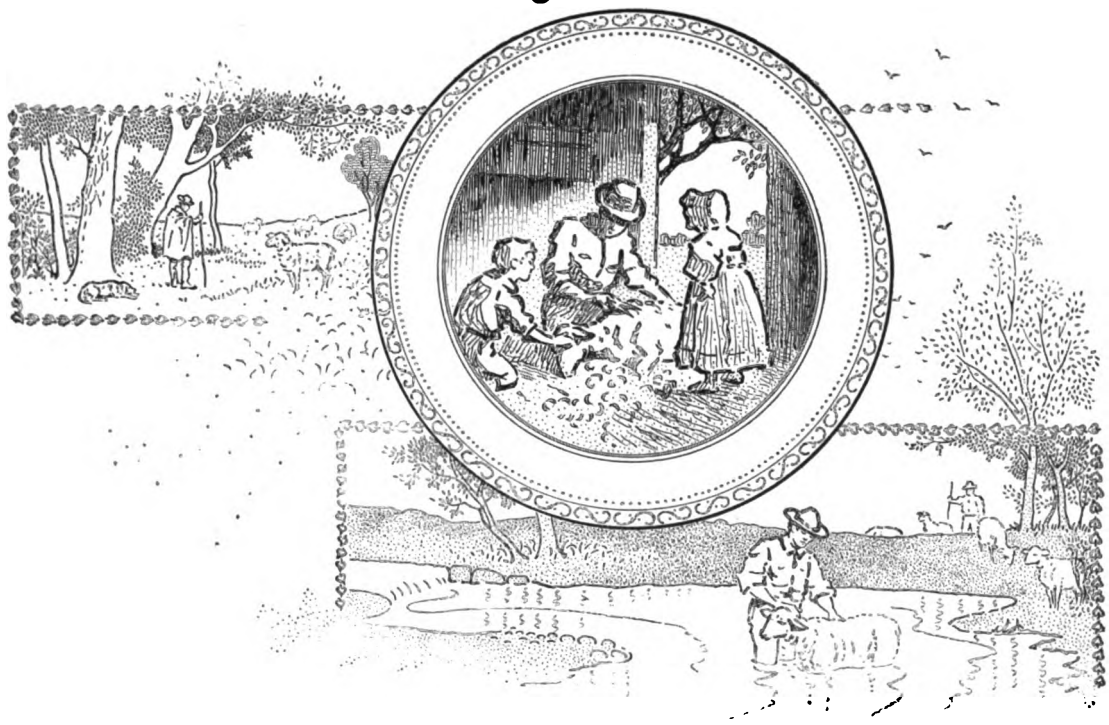
sheep grow more wool still, And the sheep grow more wool still. . .

rit.

So, of all our ma - ny friends, None are bet - ter than the sheep.

more slowly.



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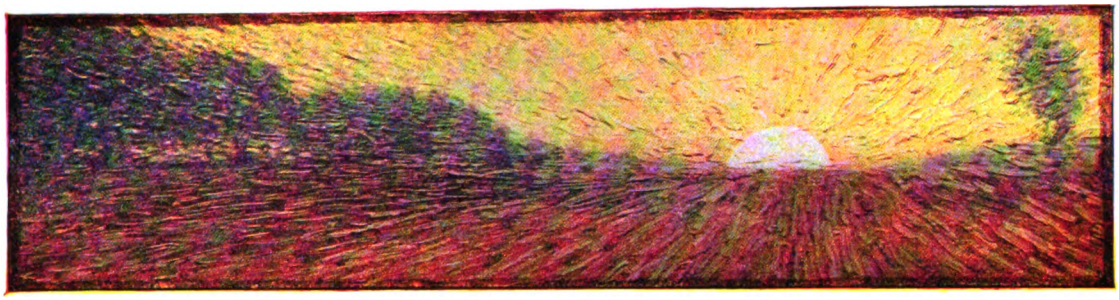
The Painter Sun.



Rather slowly.

mp

You nev - er would think that old

Grand - fa - ther Sun Was a paint - er known all the world o - ver! To

name all his paint-ings and talk of each one, I should fill this book cov - er to

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cov - er. He paints trees and flow'rs, paints the beau - ti - ful bird, Paints the

but - ter-cup, clo - ver, and dai - sy; He works ev - 'ry day, and I

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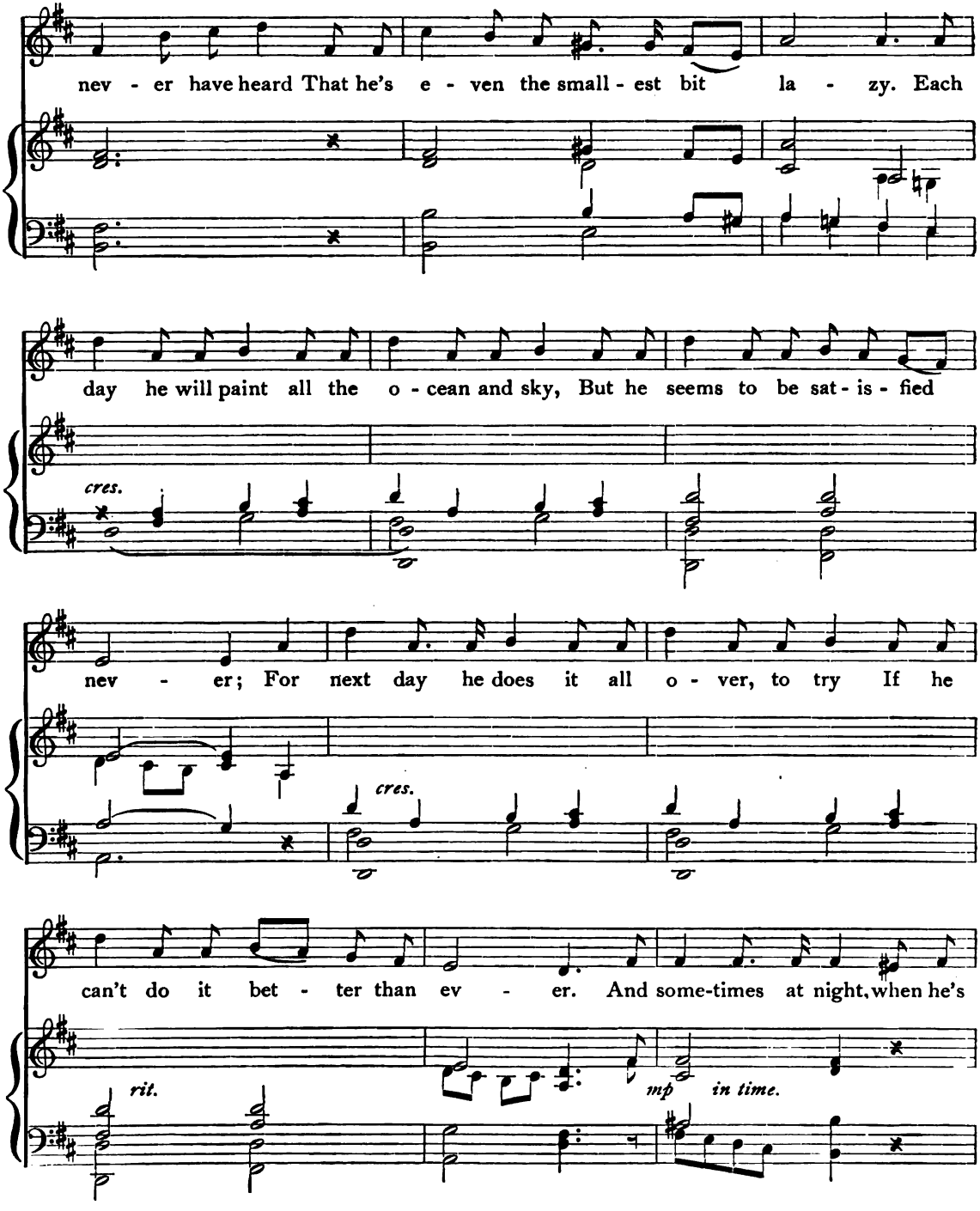

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tried all the blues, And the sky is - n't just what he wish - es, He

accel. *cres.*

paints it all o - ver in most gor - geous hues With the col - or he us - es for

rit. *f*

fish - es, With the col - or he us - es for fish - es.

rit.

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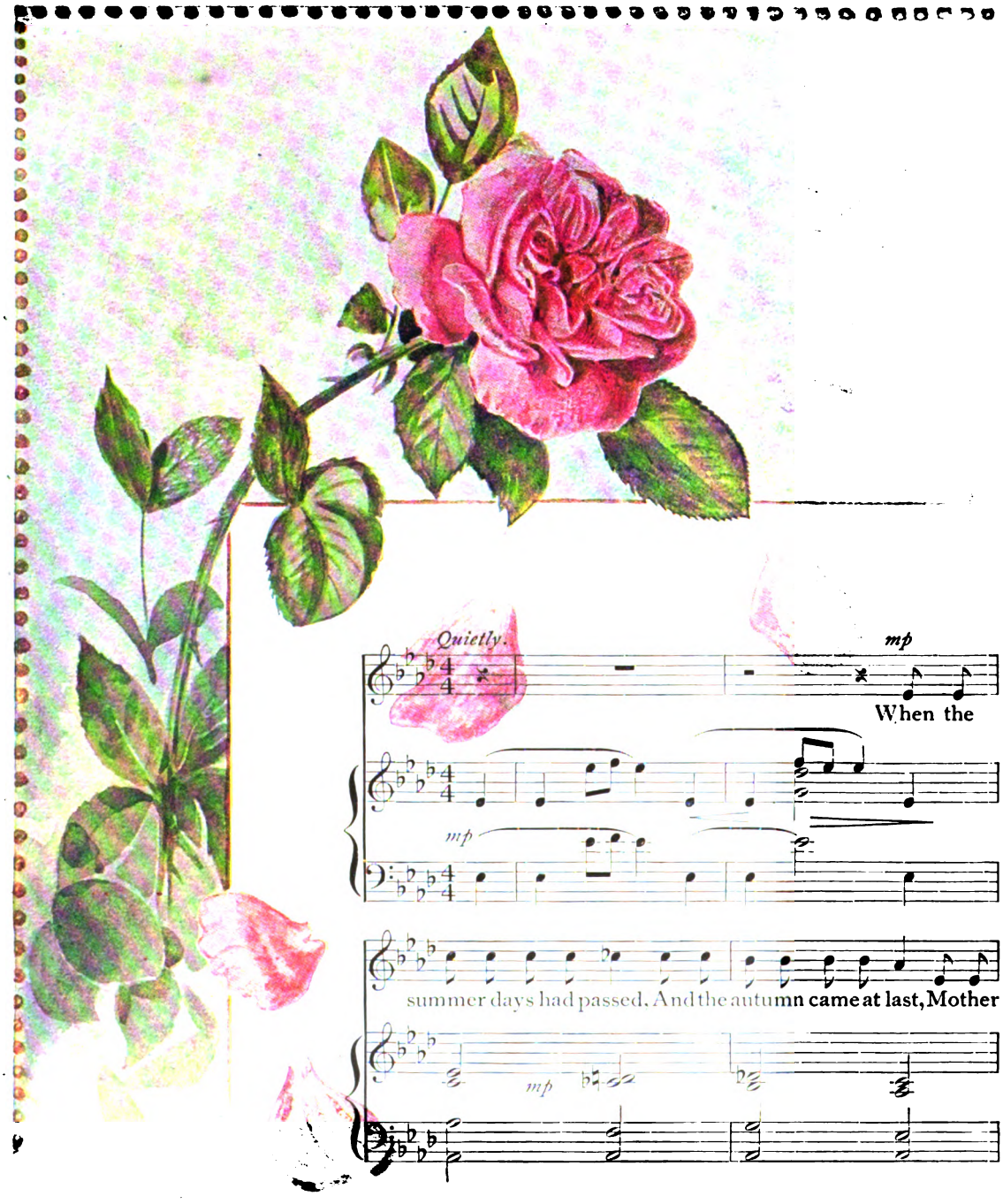
The Lost Rose Seed.



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Rose-bush dropped her pet - als on the ground; And her

seeds she cov-ered up, Close with-in a ti - ny cup, That they

should not by the win - ter wind be found. But a

accel. *rit.*

seed fell out one day; On the wind it blew a - way, And it

accel.

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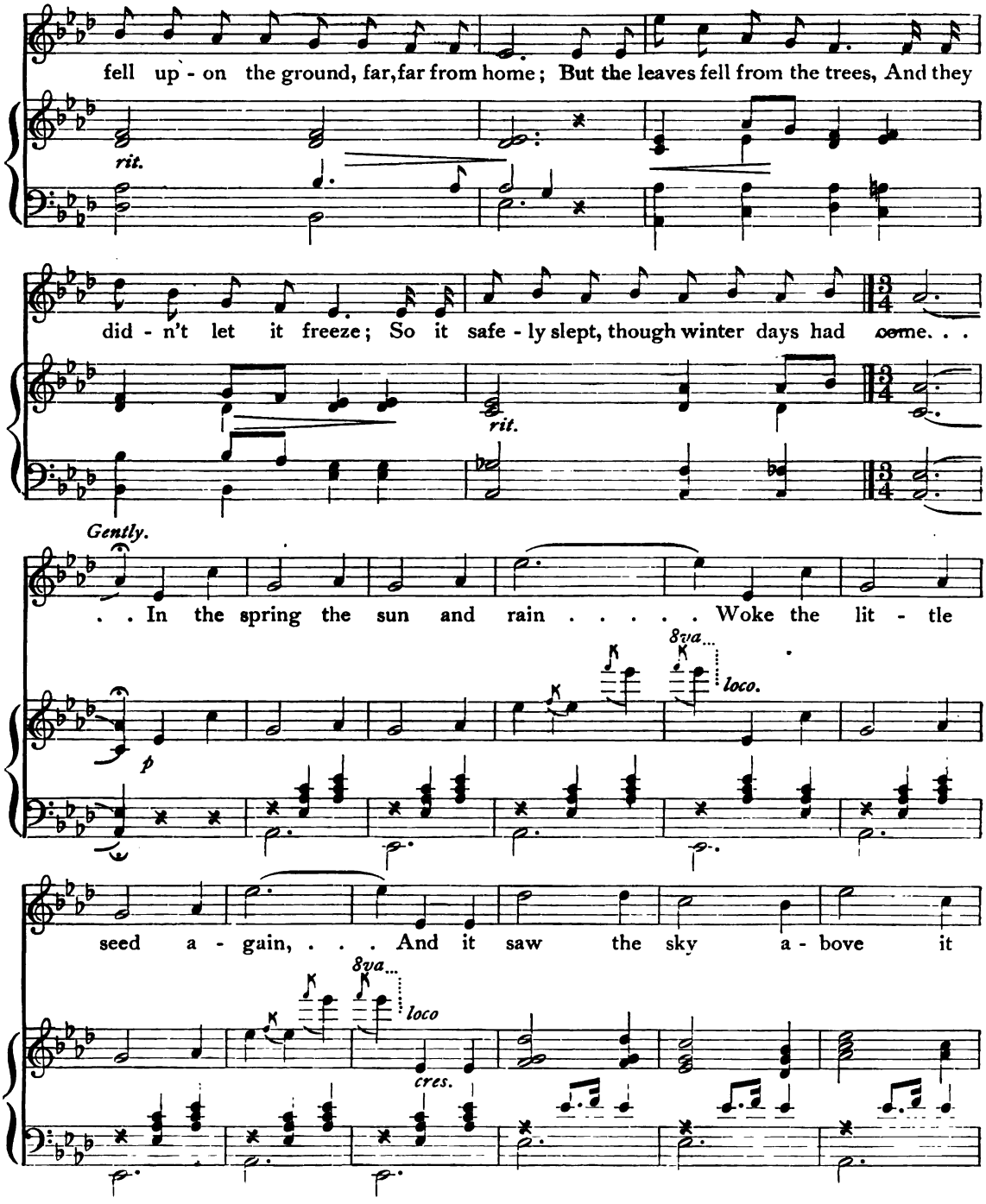

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blue and clear; . . . In a ver - y lit - tle time . . . It be -

8va

loco.

dim.

rit.

cres.

accel.

gan to climb and climb, And be-came a rose like Mother Rose last year.

rit.

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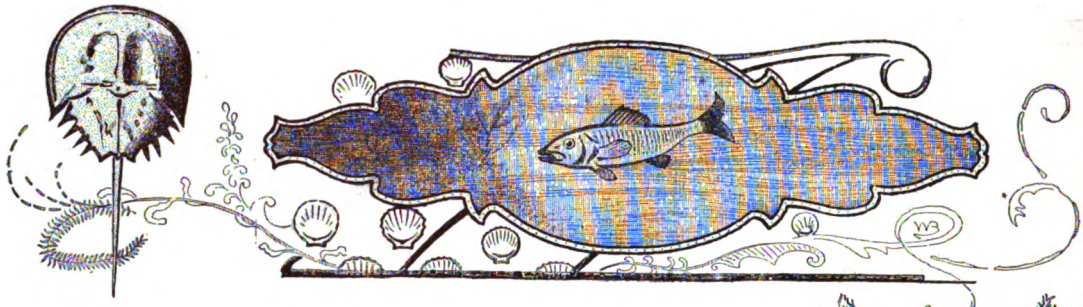
A Sea Song.



With motion of the swell.

p

Oh, here's an - oth - er song, A song a - bout the sea! . . Of

rocks and sand—No oth - er land—That's what this song shall be. . . . . .

cres.

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And when the tide is high, . . . Then you shall go with

me, . . And learn to float, Or row a boat, Or swim up - on the

rit.

sea. . . . . And when the tide is out, . . We'll

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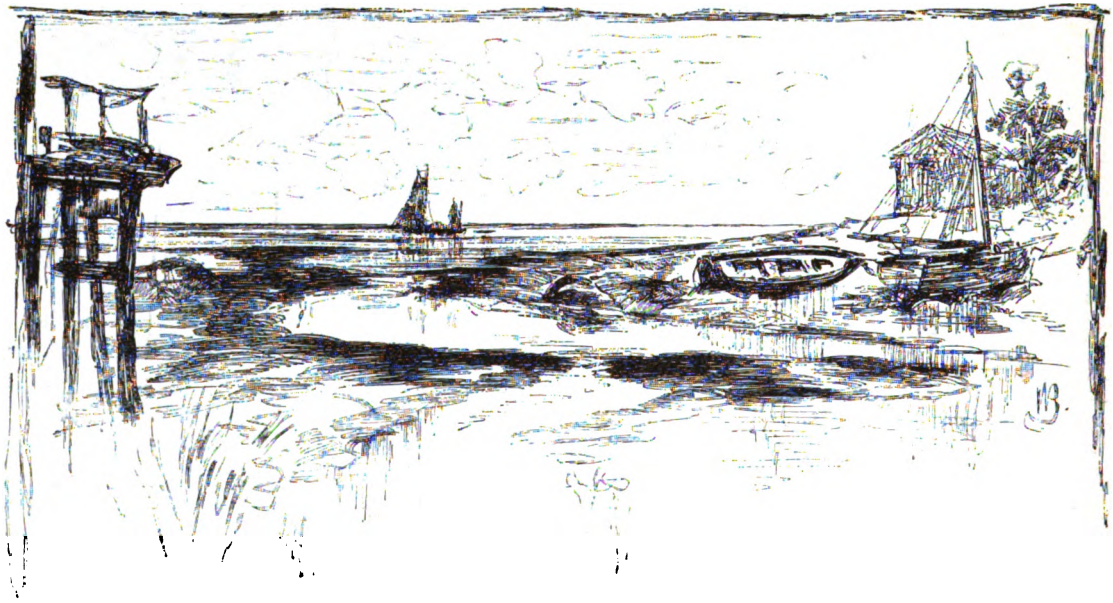
find . . all sorts of things . . With shells and scales, Long legs and tails,

cres.



Ev-'rything else but wings; . . . . . Though somewhere there is

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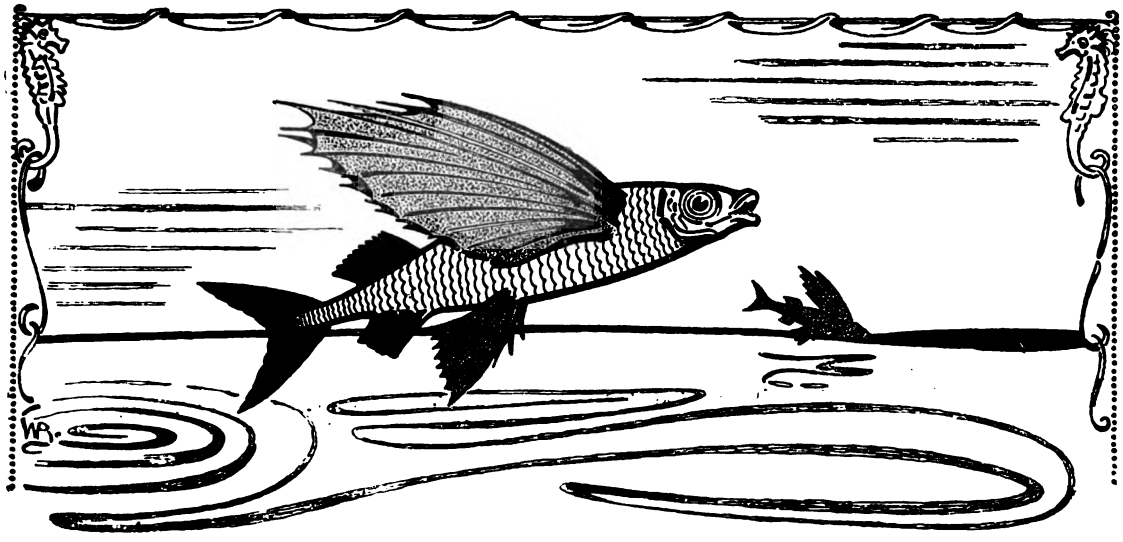
found . . (At least so I have heard) A fish with wings (such fun-ny things!) That

rit.

flies just like a bird. . . . . .

in time.



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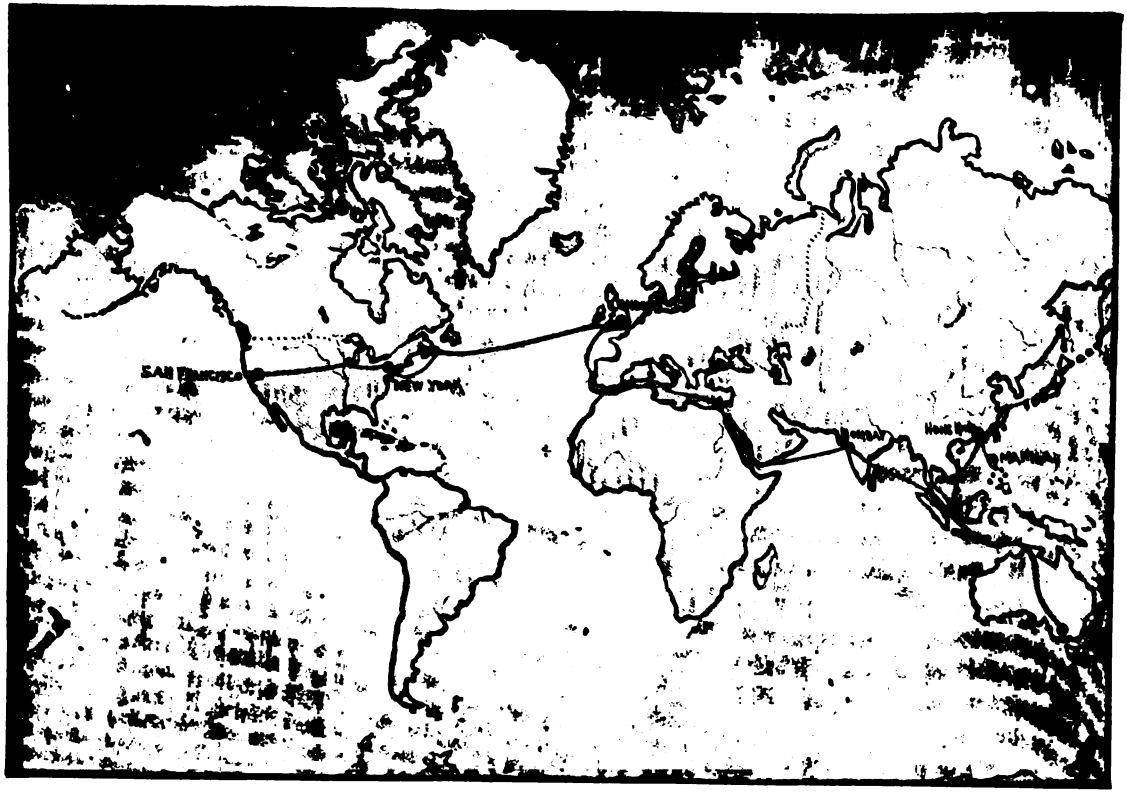
The Telegraph.



Quickly.

mf

One night in far Aus-tra - lia a re - port-er thought he'd try To

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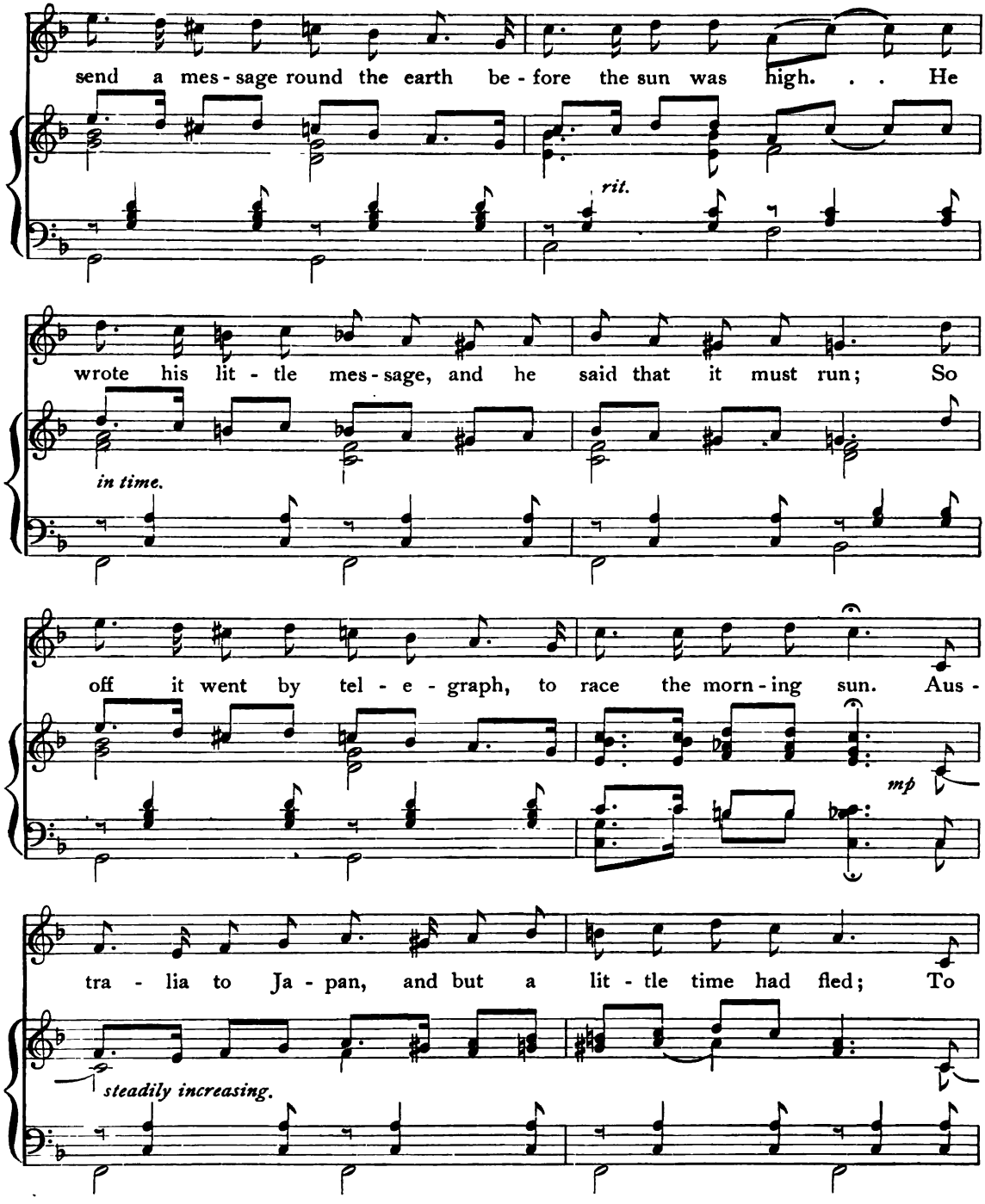

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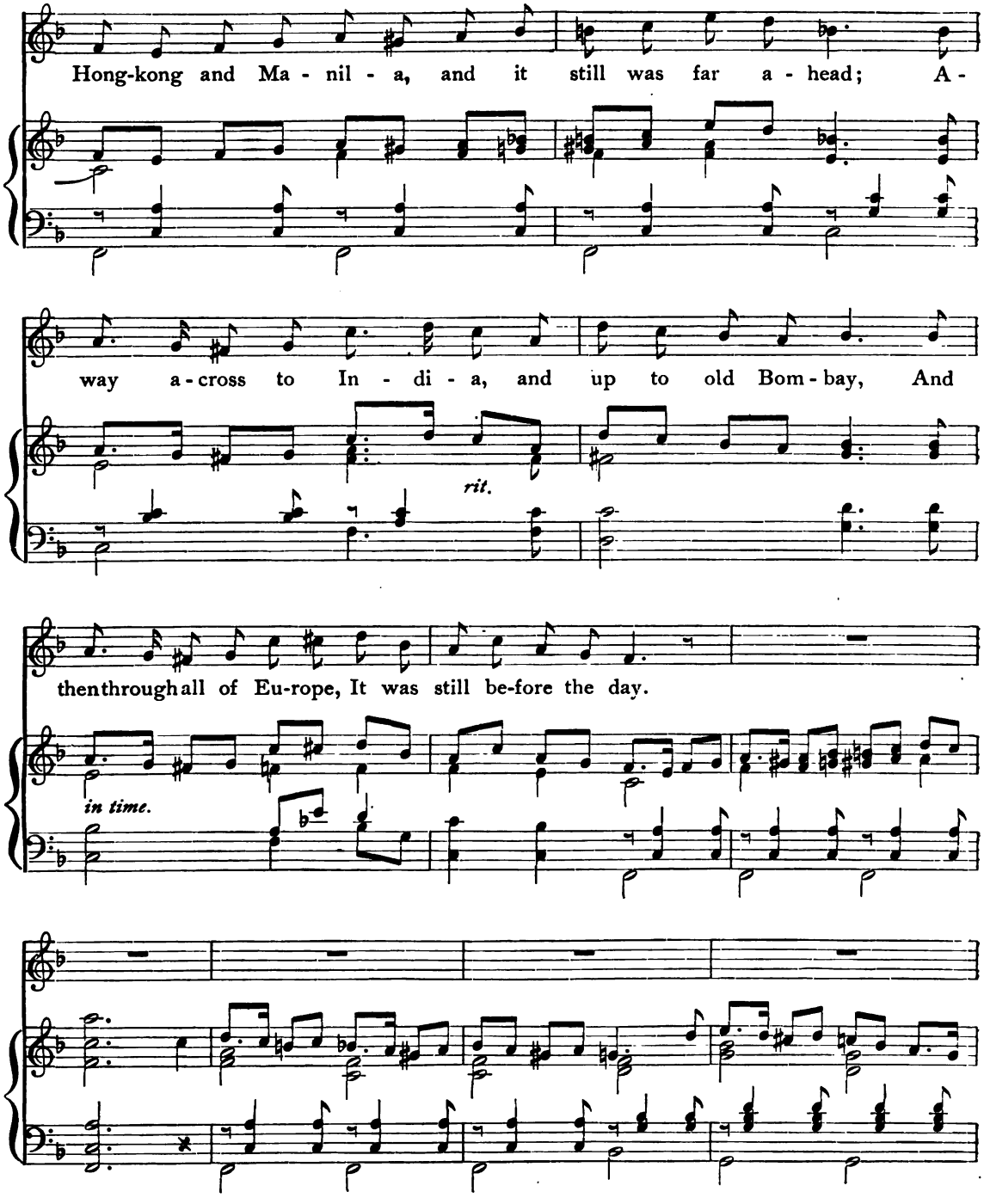

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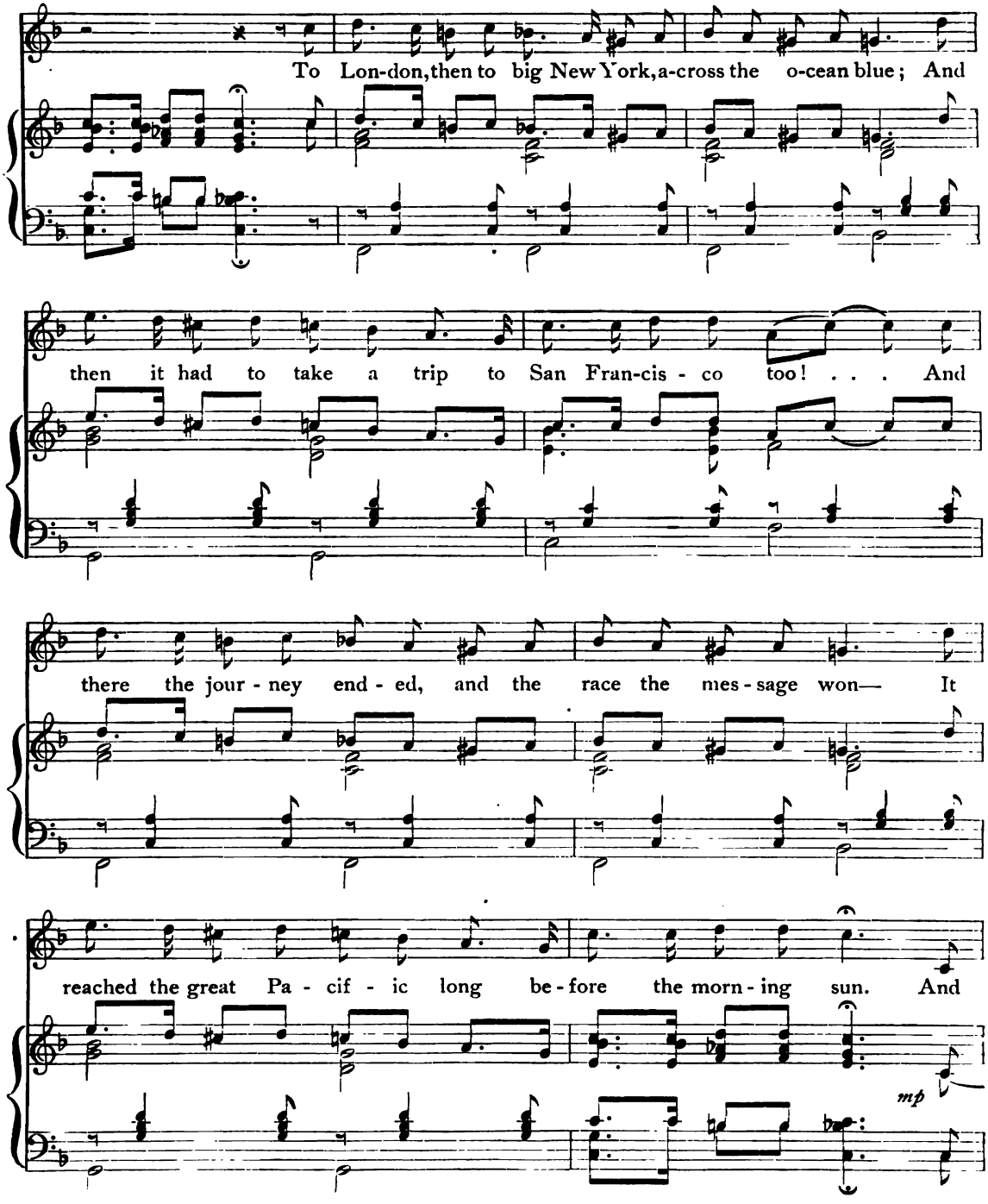

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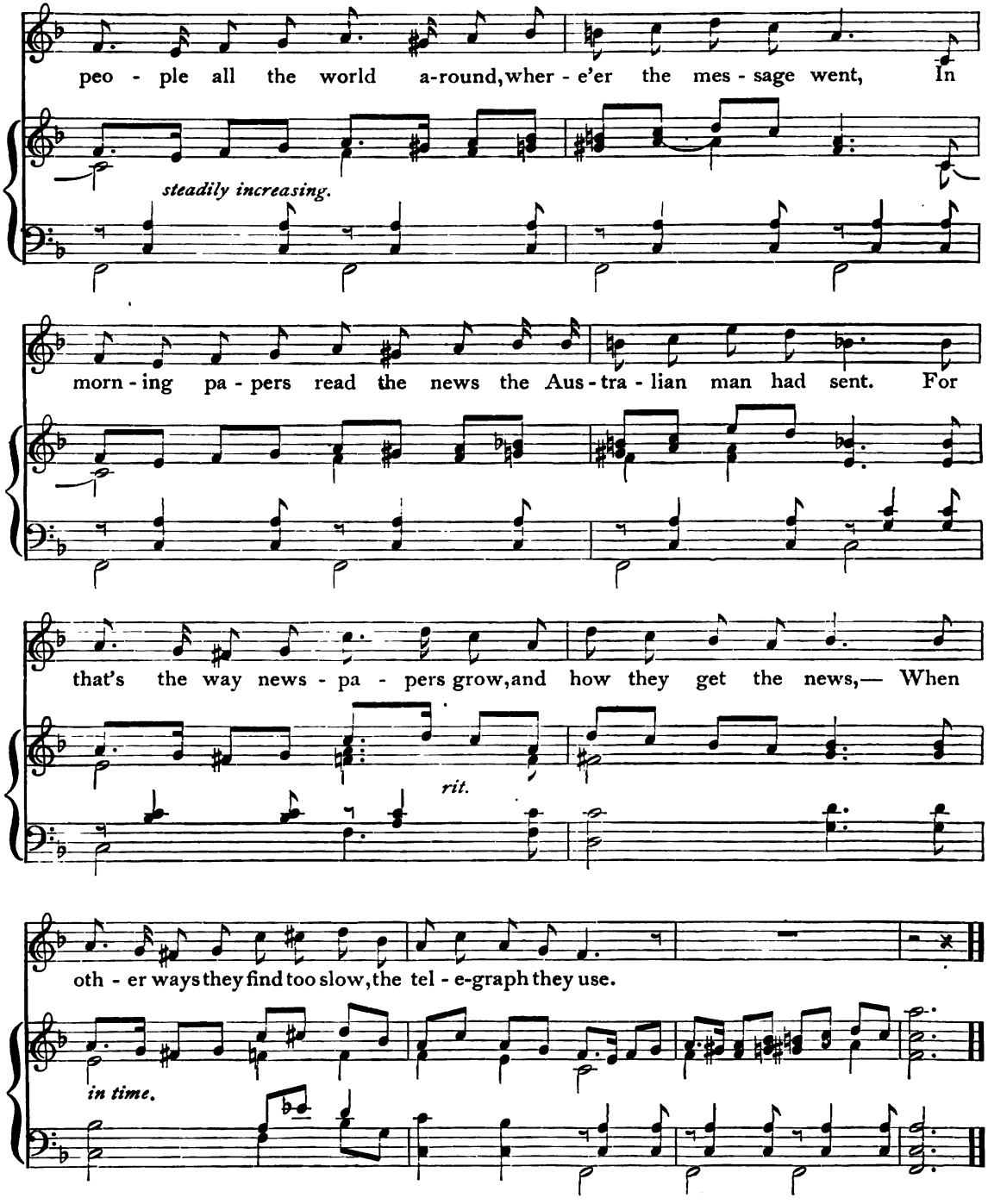

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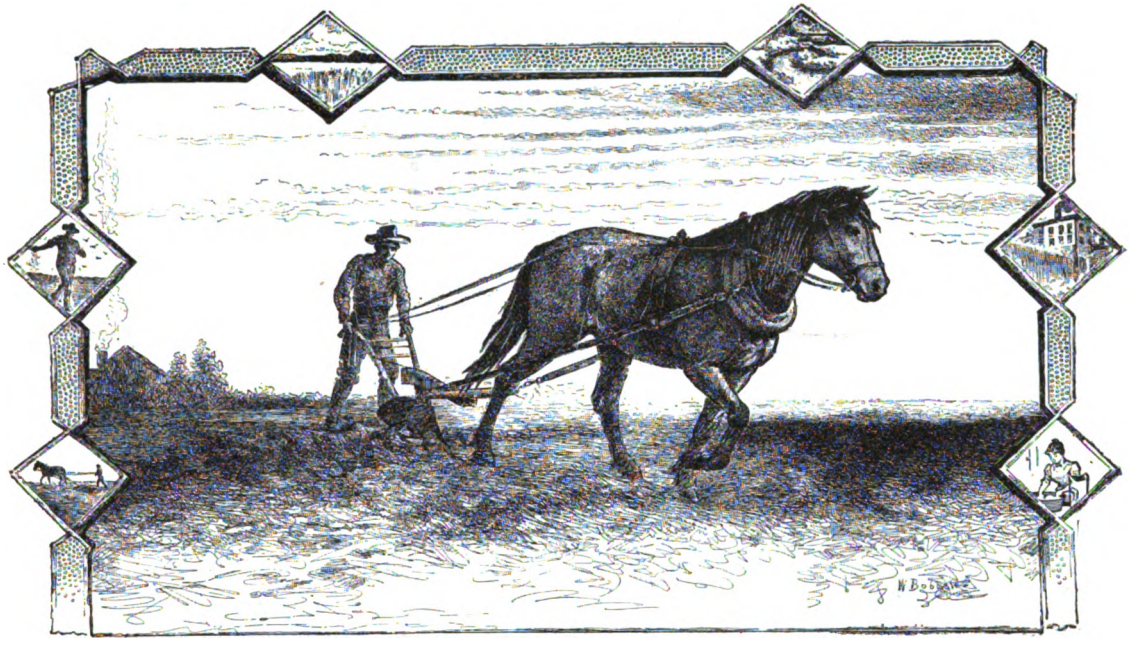
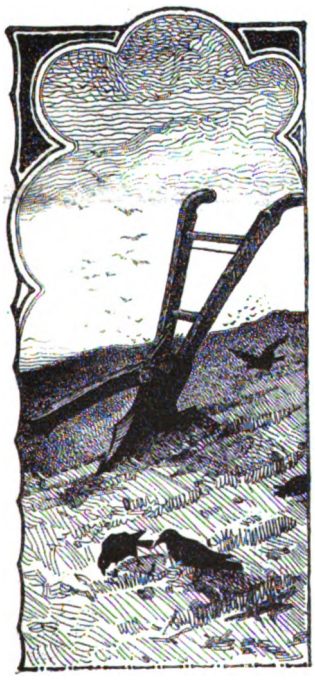
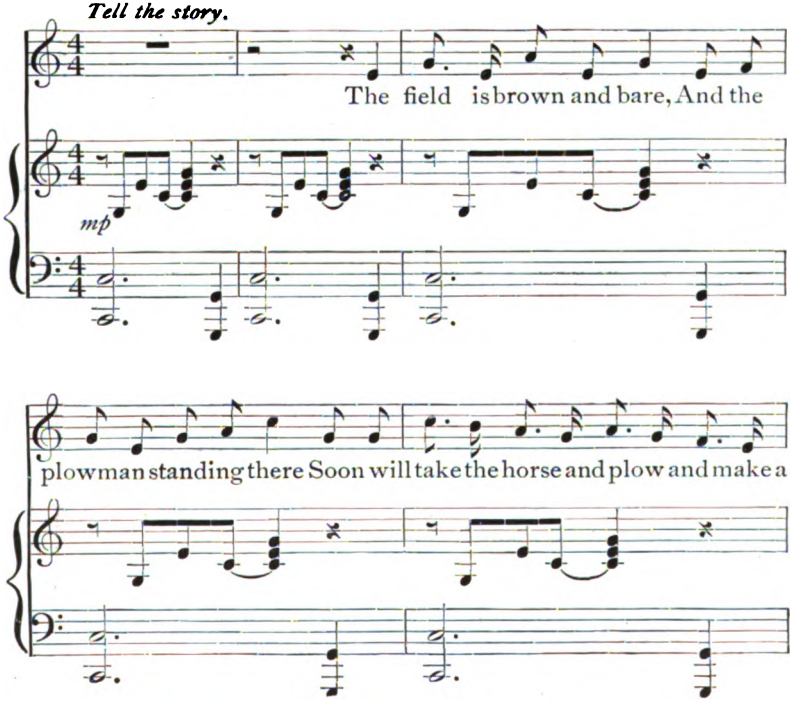
The Plowman.





Tell the story.



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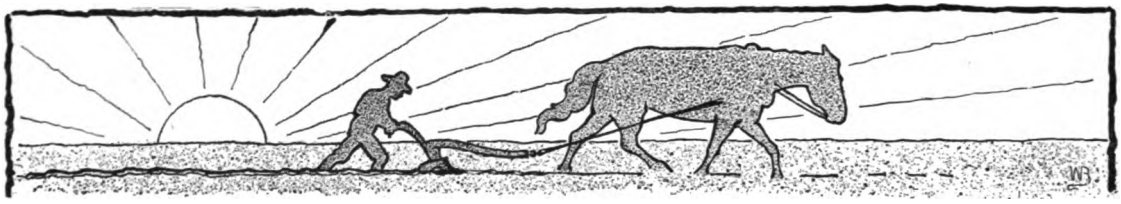

fur - row; Then he'll take the horse once more, Work - ing

accel. cres.

hard - er than be - fore, Till he makes the ground all lev - el with the har - row.

rit.

Then the lit - tle seed he'll sow, And the sun will make it grow; And there'll

mf *cres.*

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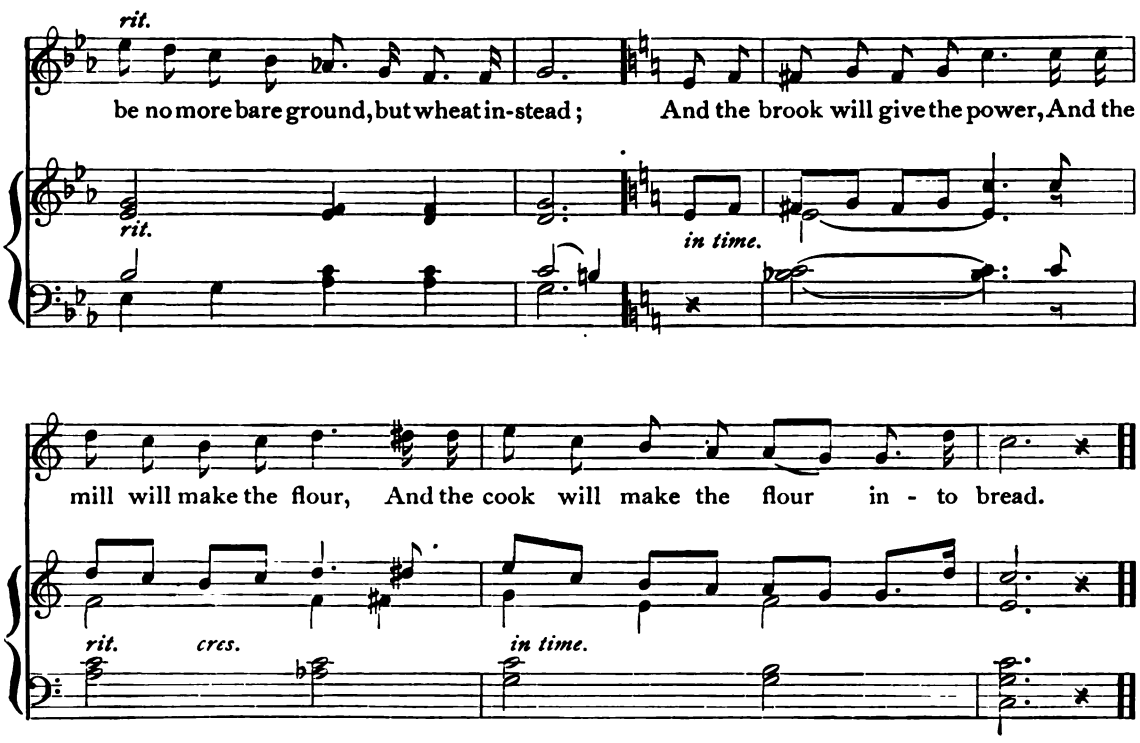

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Day and Night.

With motion.

mf

There's

mf

al - ways a Sun and a Moon up high, Shin - ing in the sky; And

ev - er and ev - er the Earth turns round, Pass - ing each one by. So

cres.

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when to the Sun we sing out, "Good day!" Wak - ing up quite bright, We call

dim. *rit.* *in time.*

back to the Moon as it goes, "Good-by! Thank you for your light."

dim. *rit.* *in time.* *cres.* *ff*

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The Blacksmith.

With fire.

The black - smith strong, a

ff *mp*

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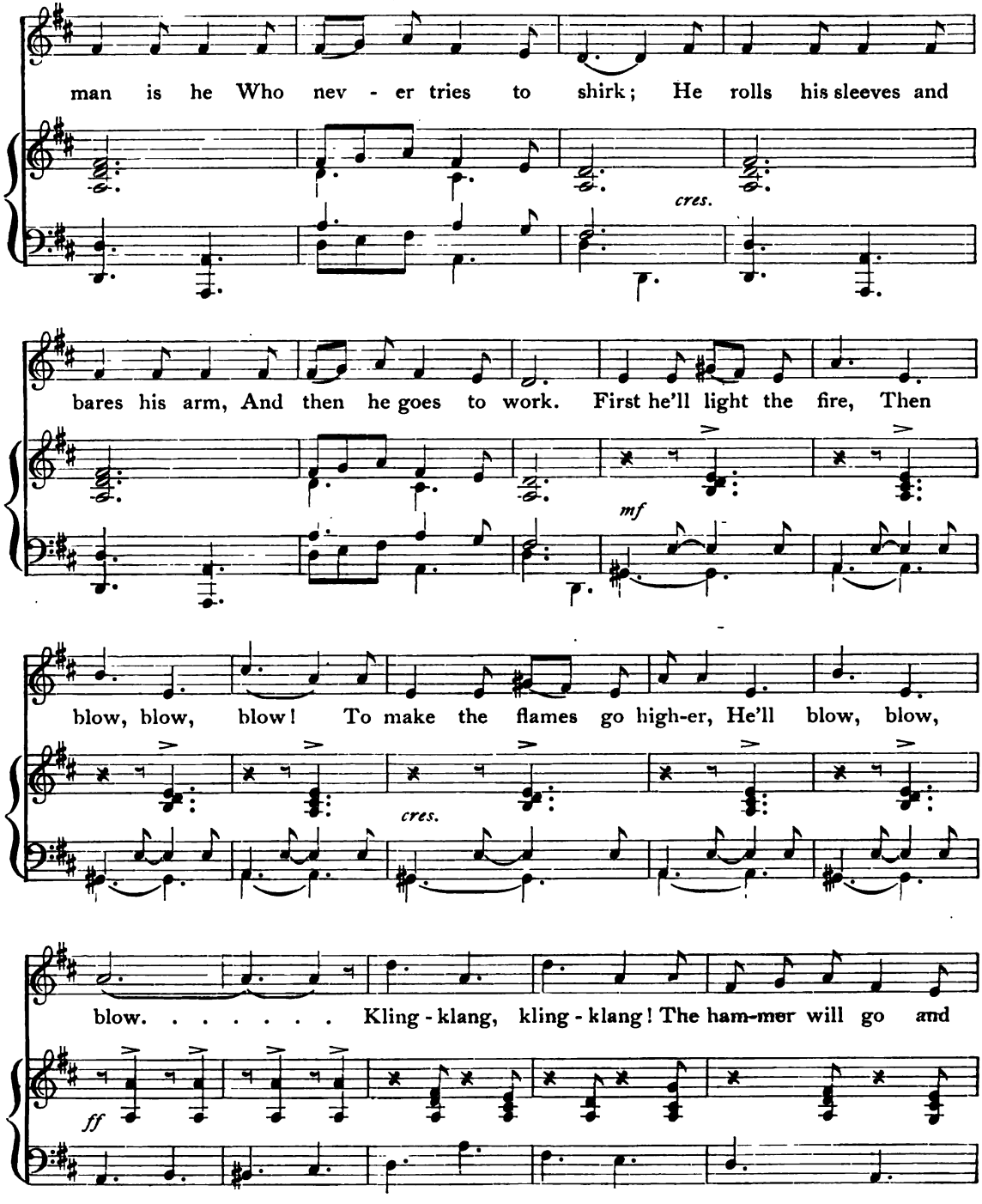

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go; . . He works with all his might Un - til he gets things right.

Kling - klang, kling - klang, kling - klang, kling - klang,

ff

kling - klang, kling - klang, kling - klang, kling!

With iron strong and fire hot, And

ff *mp* *p*

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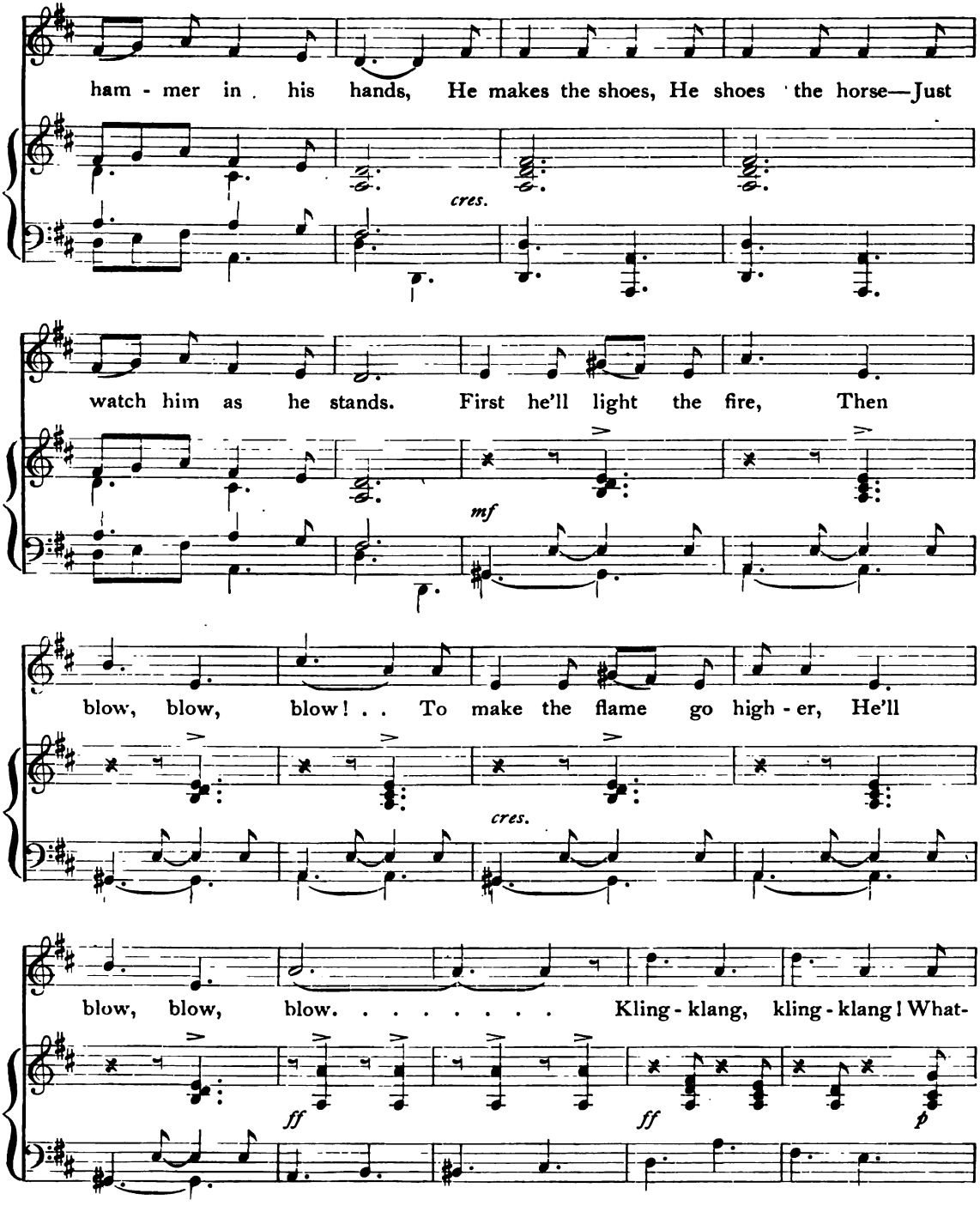

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ev - er he has to do, . . He works with all his. might Un -

til he gets it right. Kling - klang, kling - klang,

kling-klang, kling - klang, kling- klang,

kling-klang, kling - klang, kling!

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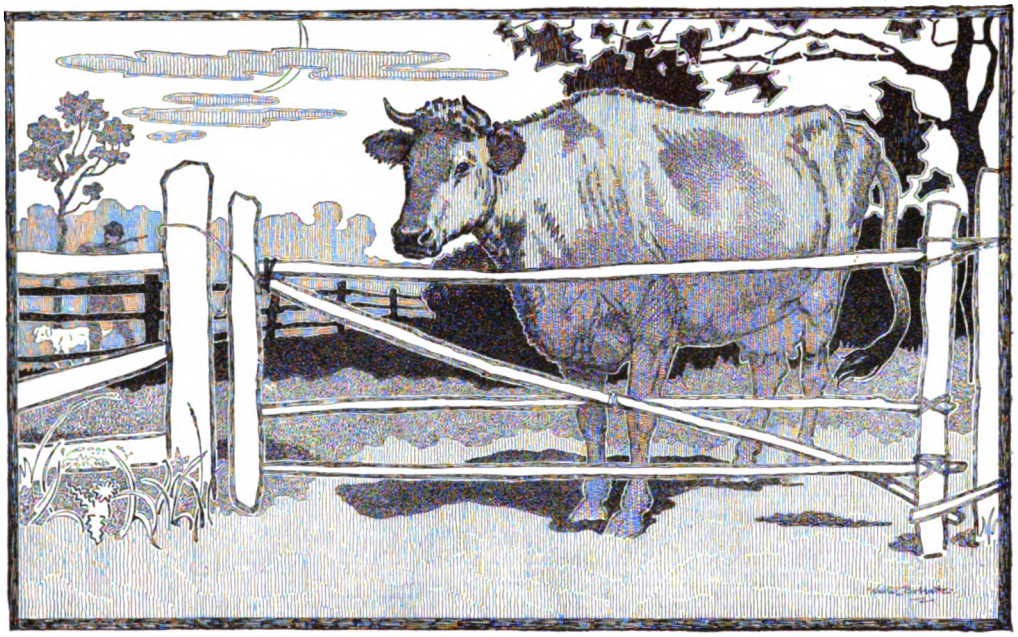
Mistress Cow.



Very quietly.

Mis - tress Cow stands at the gate, Ev - 'ry eve - ning

pp *p*

she will wait, Call - ing slow, call - ing low — "Mm." . .

rit.

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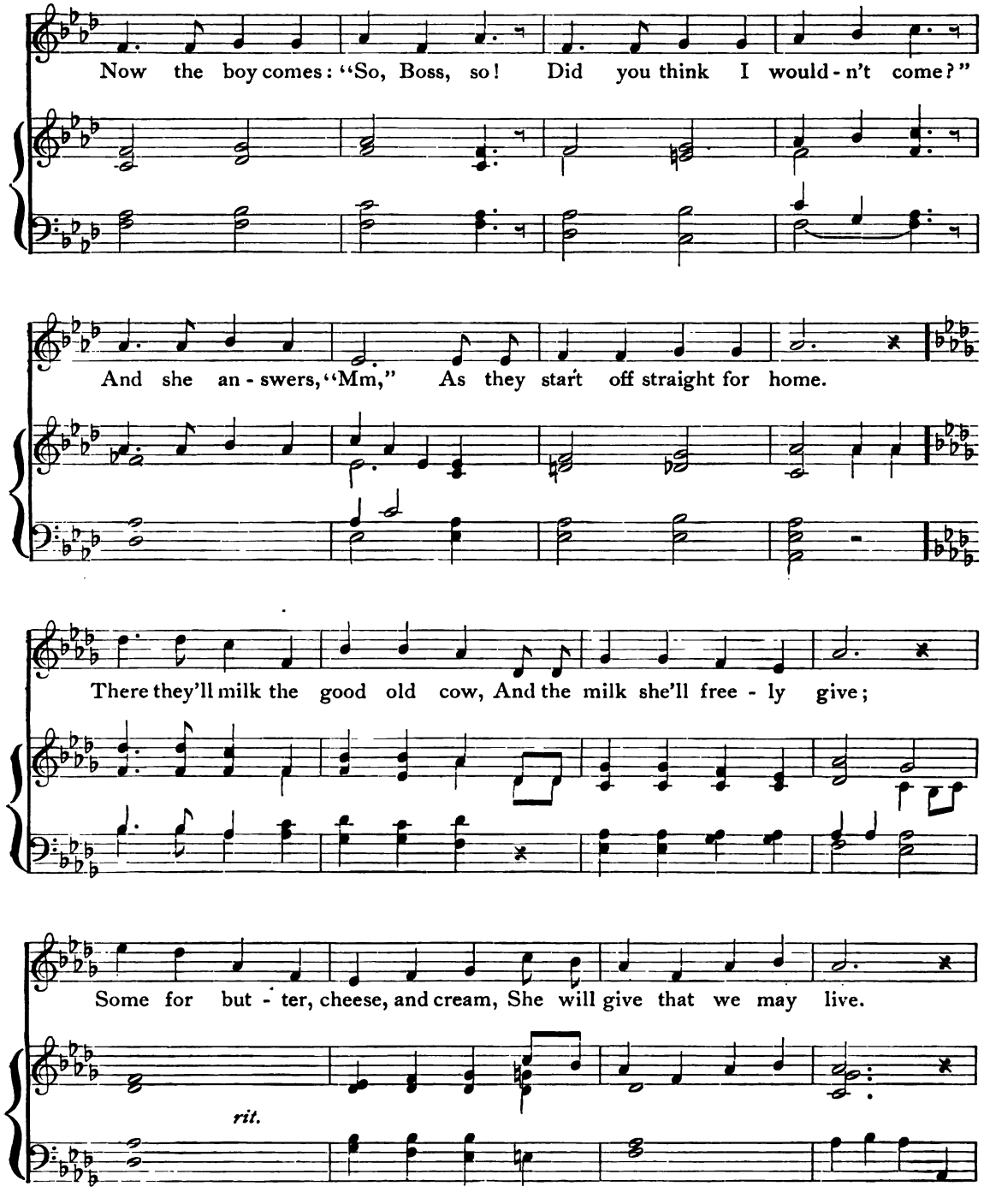

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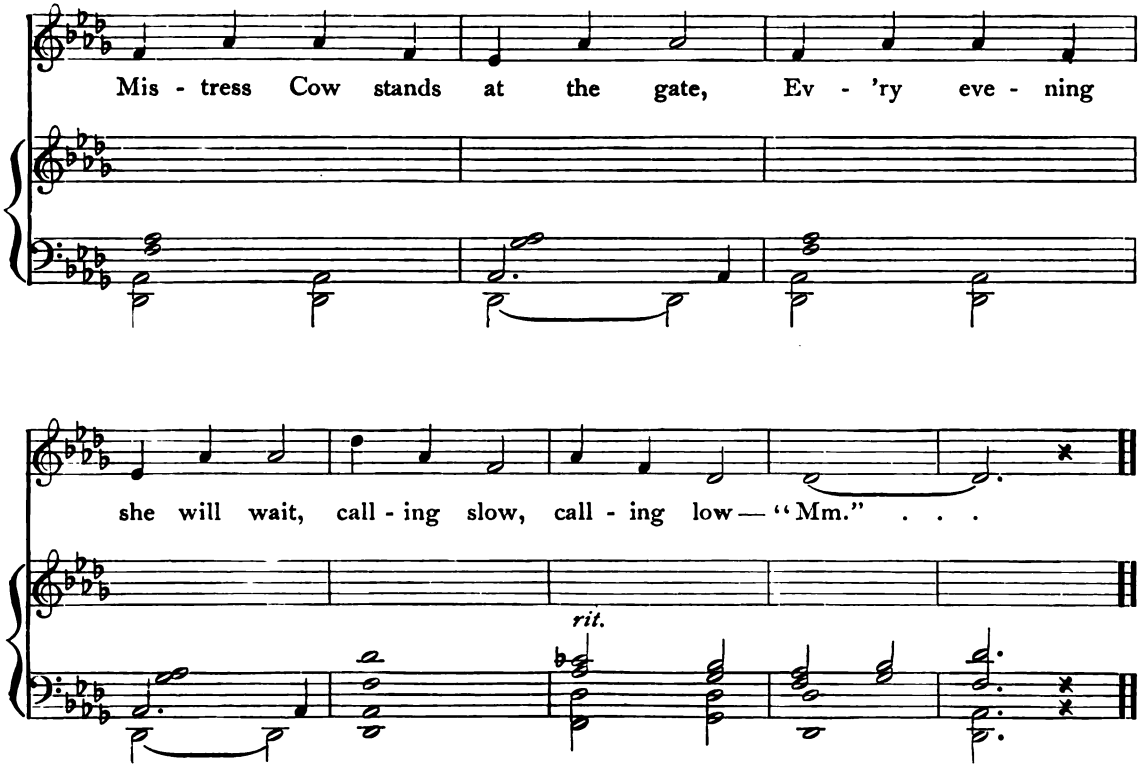

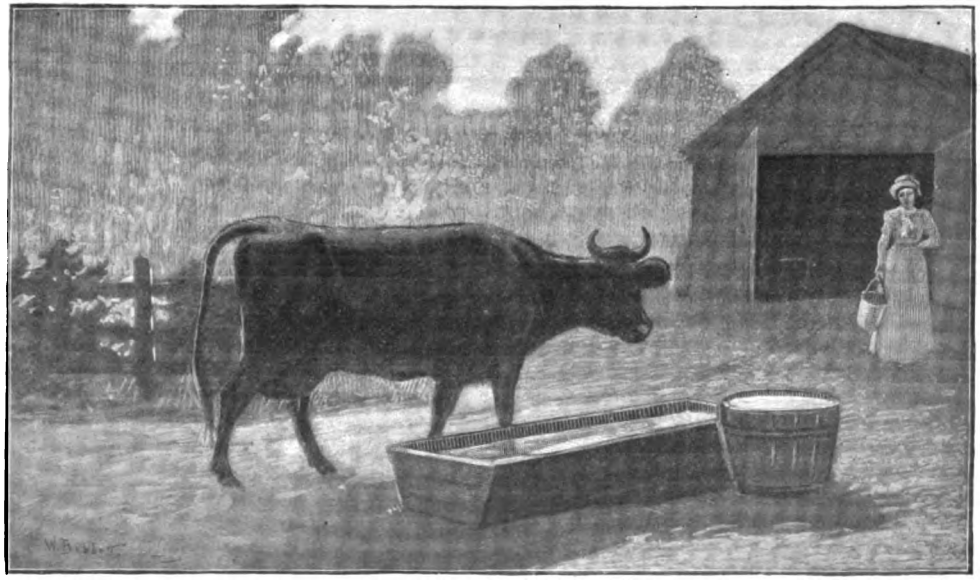

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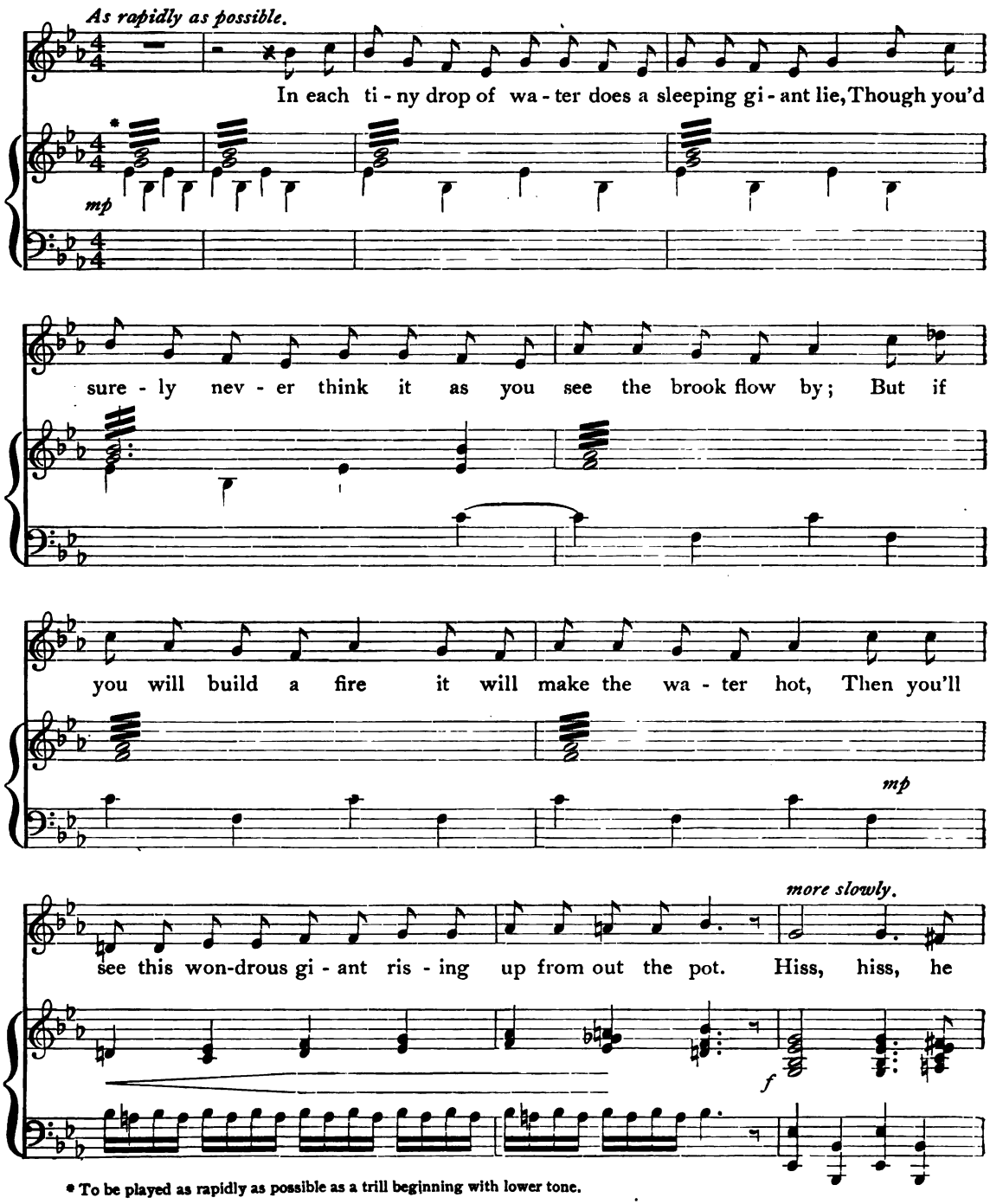
The Busy Steam.



* To be played as rapidly as possible as a trill beginning with lower tone.

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laughs and sings, And flies away as though on wings. You'll

cres. *accel.*

find him stronger than he'll seem—Hiss, hiss, the

rit.

rapidly.

gi - ant Steam! If you

ff *mp*

hold him tight and make him work, he'll

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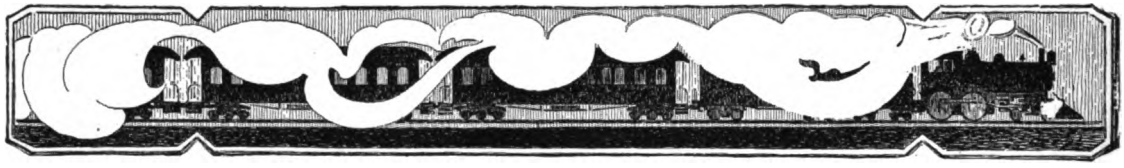
pull the rail - road train; And he'll blow the en - gine whis - tle, and will



work with might and main; Or he'll push the o - cean steam - er all the

way a - cross the sea, And he'll work and sing, and sing and work, as

mp cres.

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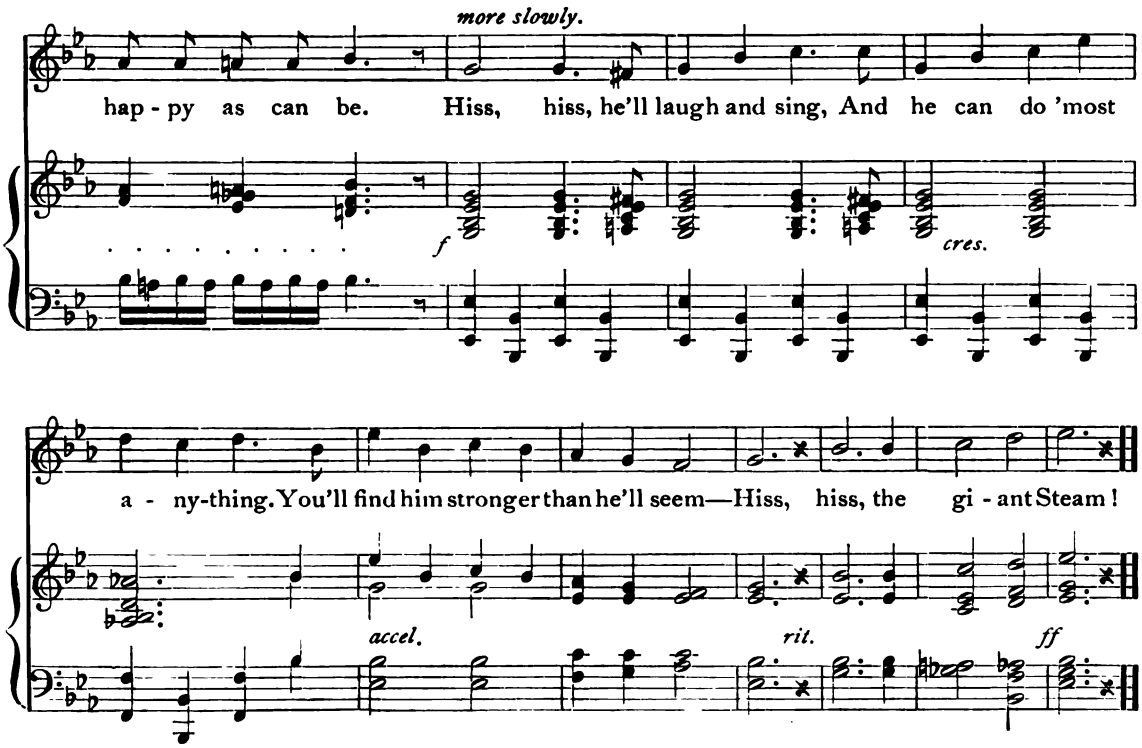

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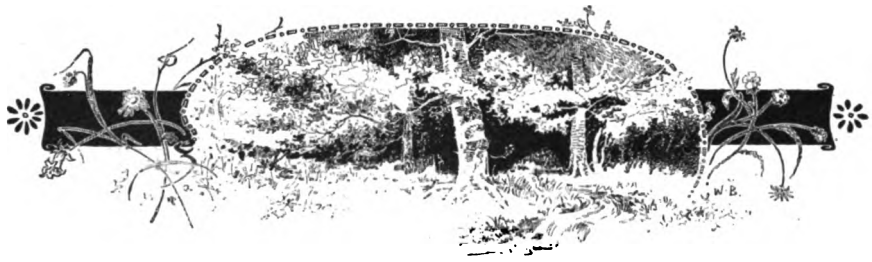
The Buried Stone.



Very gently. Tell the story.

Be - neath the grass and flow - ers, as they

grew up - on a hill, A lit - tle stone was cry - ing, for 'twas

all so dark and still. He could not see the sun - light, but he

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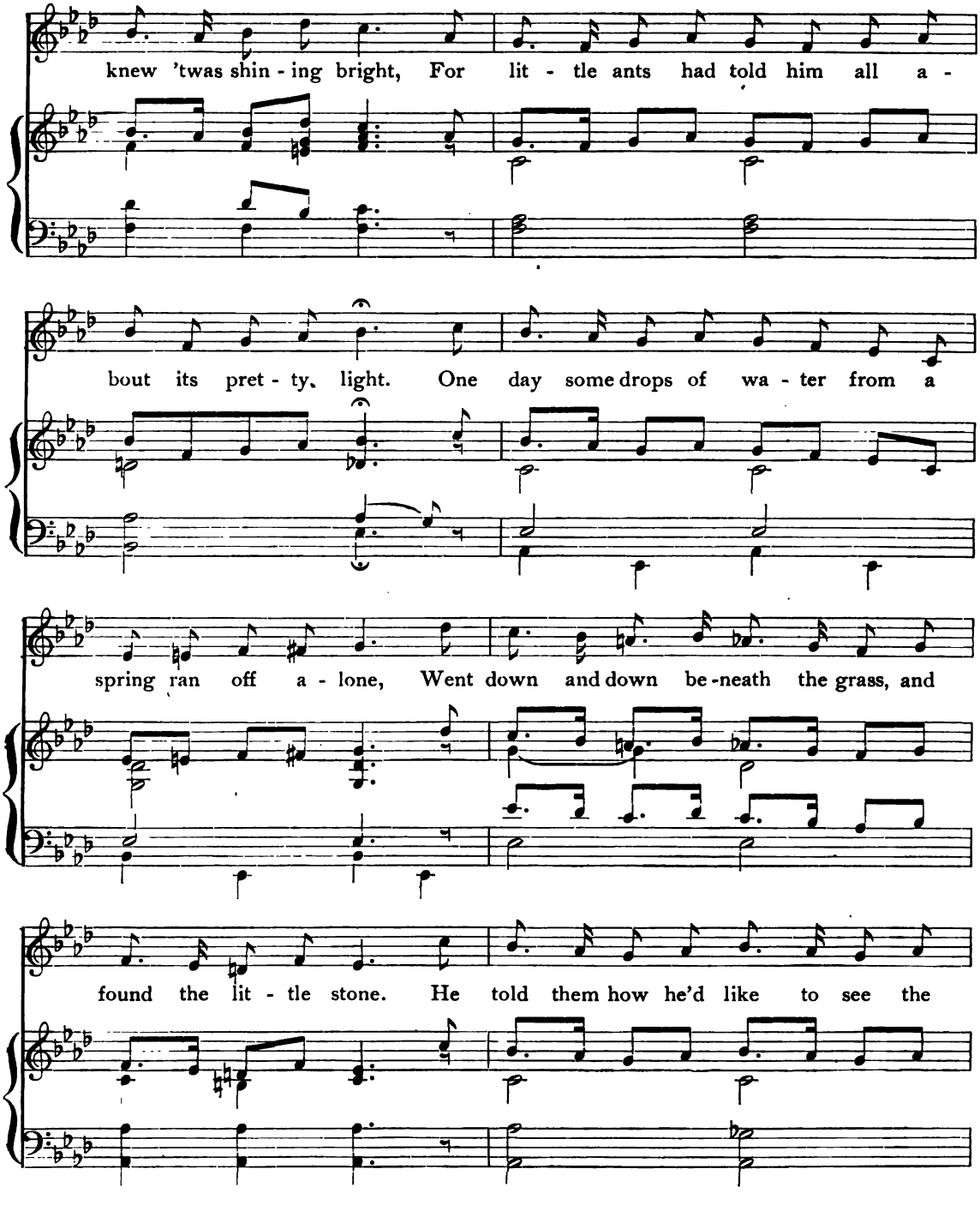

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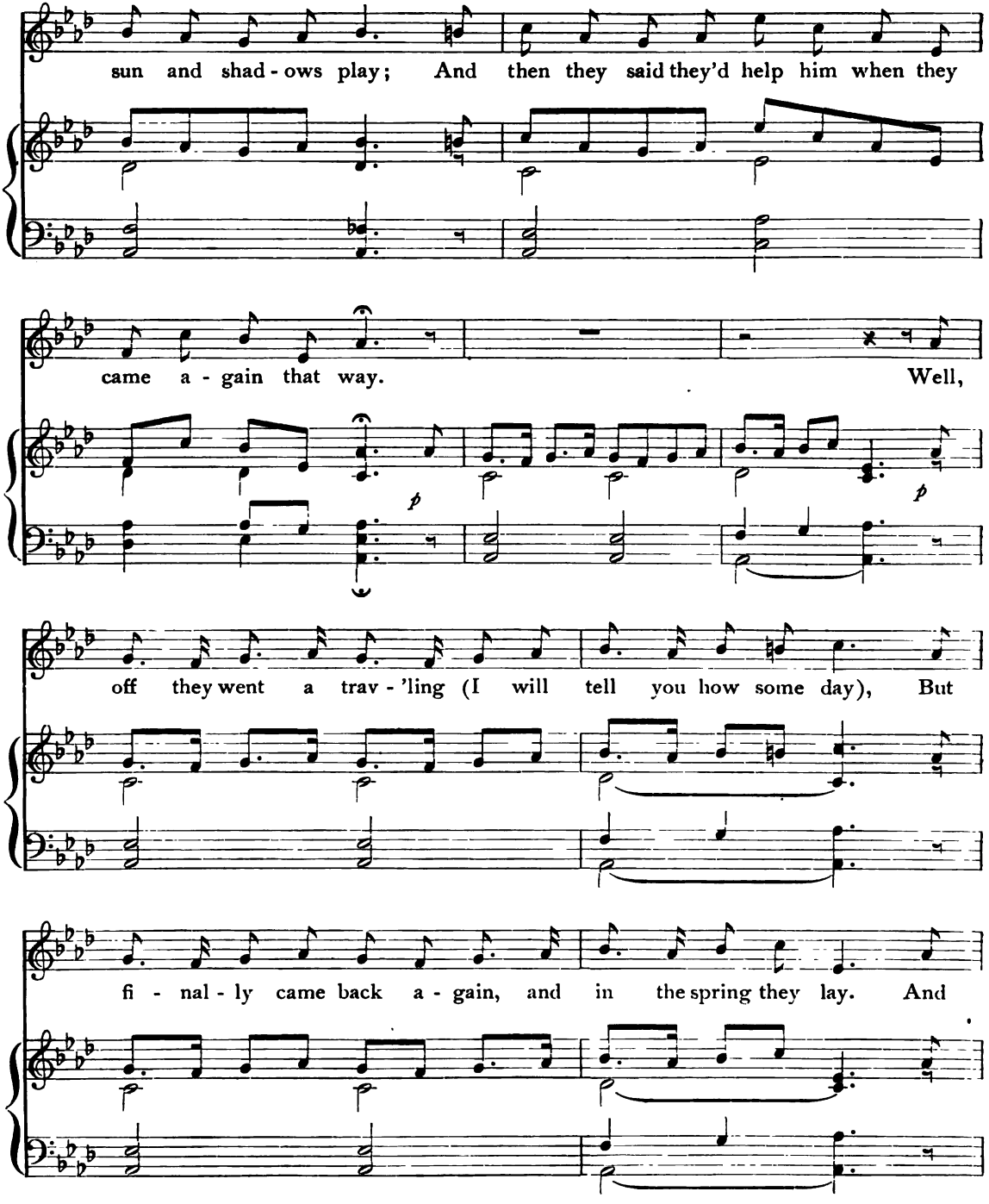

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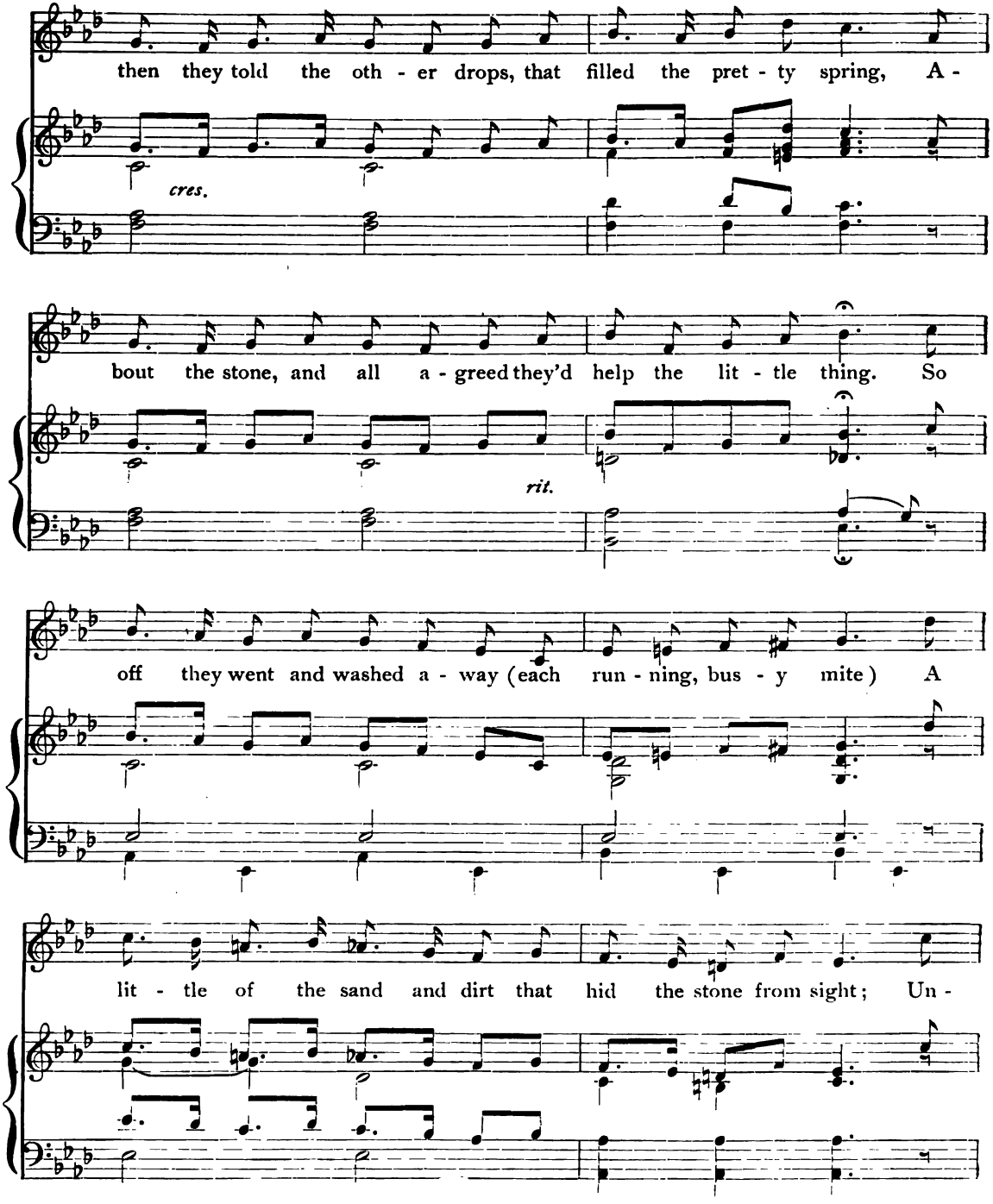

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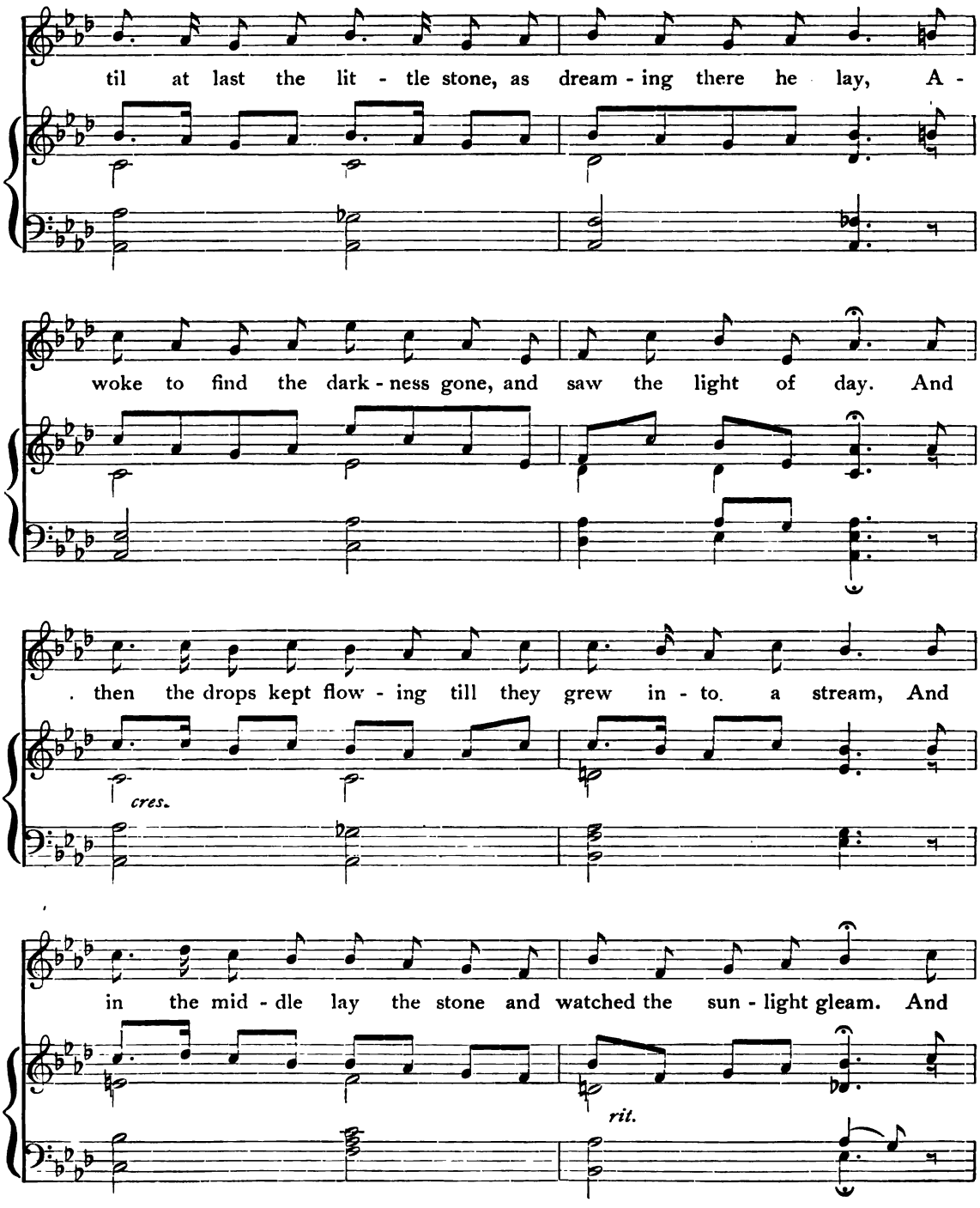

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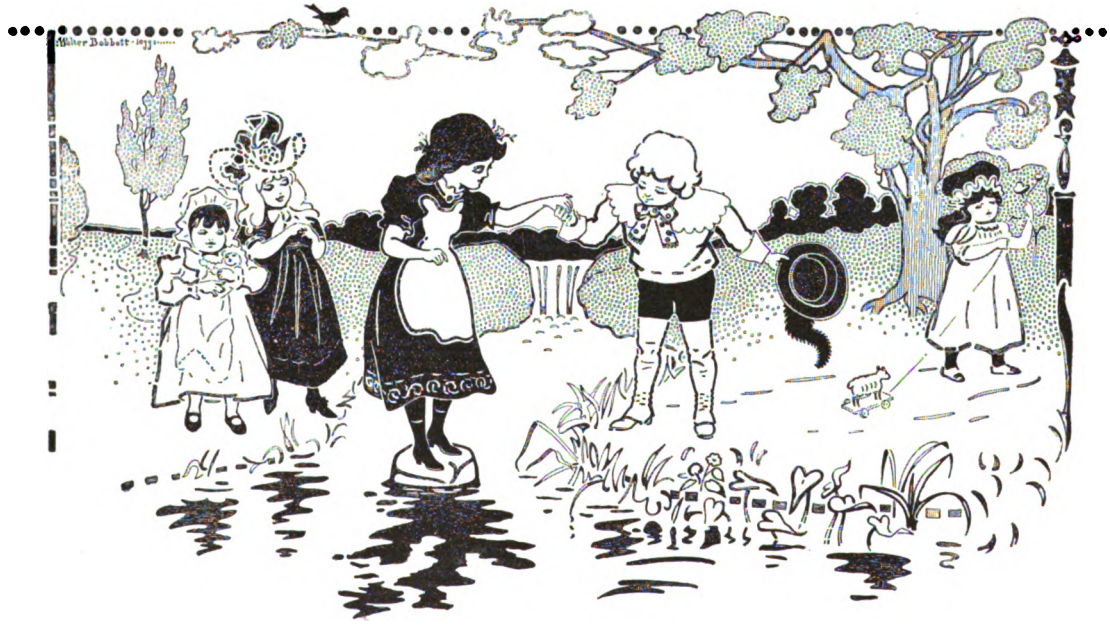
ev - 'ry one who goes that way shall find the stone will try To

in time.

help him get a - cross the brook and keep his feet quite dry.

rit.



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The Little Drop of Water.

Tell the story.

Merrily.

mp

A

lit - tle drop of wa - ter in a

p

ti - ny shad - y spring Got mer - ri - er and mer - ri - er and

cres.

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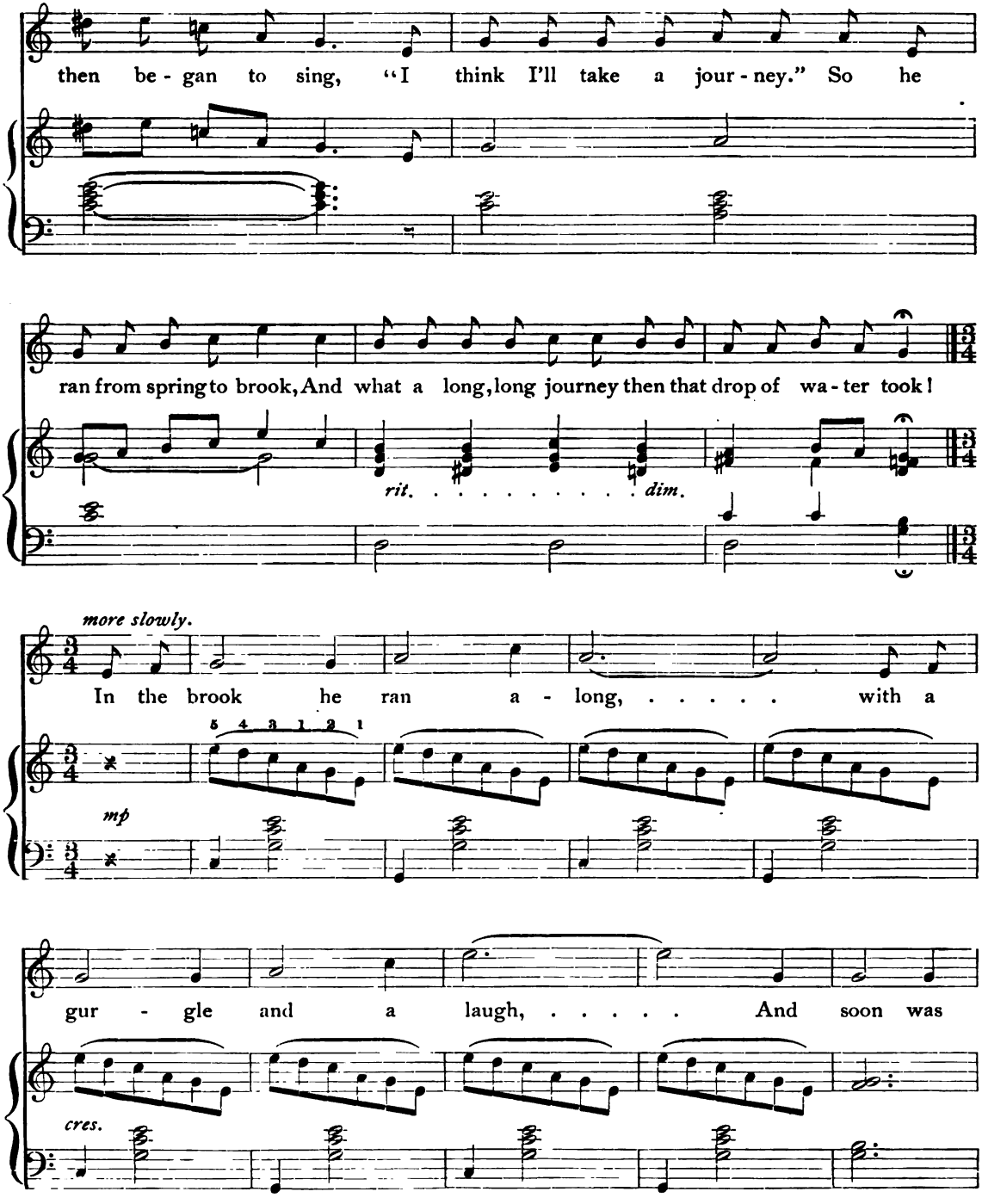

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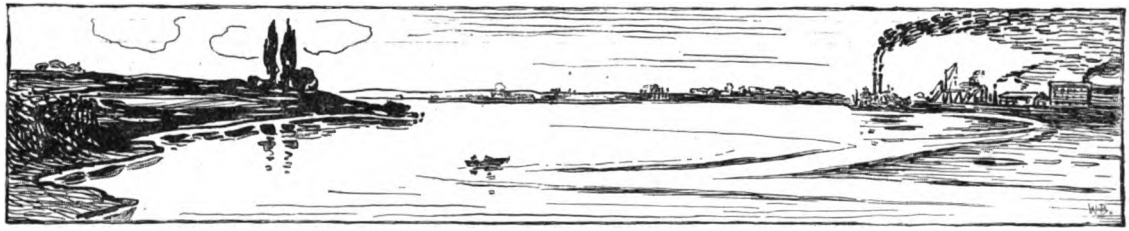
in the riv - er, . but he did not like it half. . The riv - er

cres. . . .



would not stop for him, he could not turn a - bout, . . . And at

last was at sea, sail - ing far - ther and far - ther out. .

rit.

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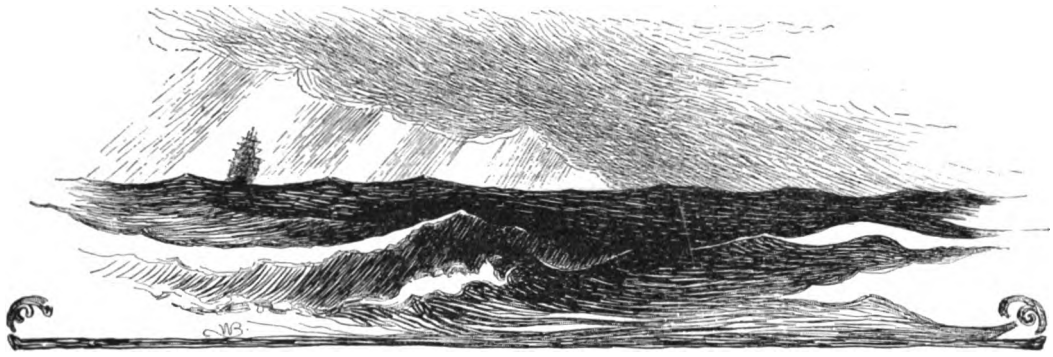
mp

Just then he saw a sun - beam lead - ing

p



straight up to the sun, And said "I'll climb up - on it, and I'll

cres.

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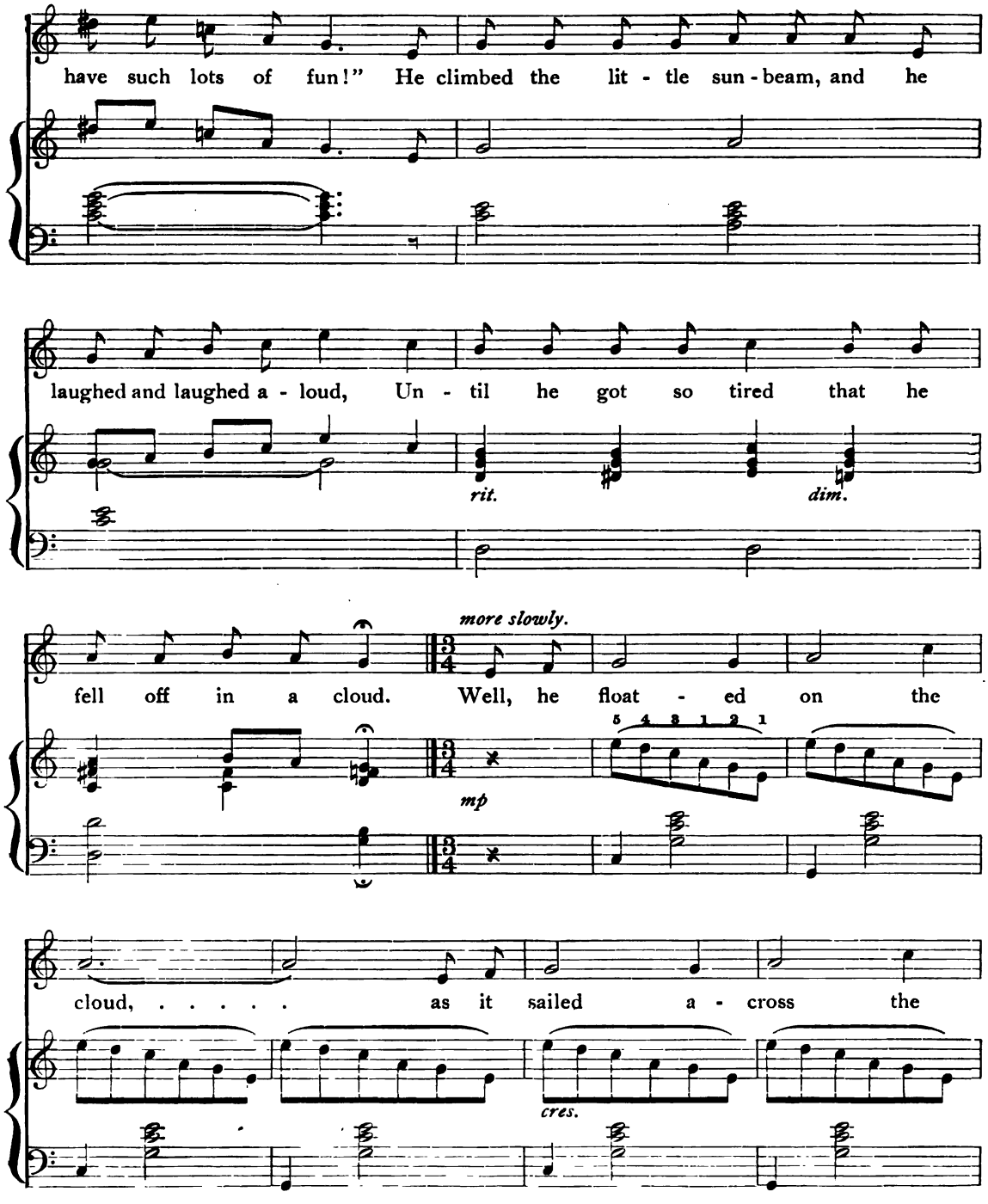

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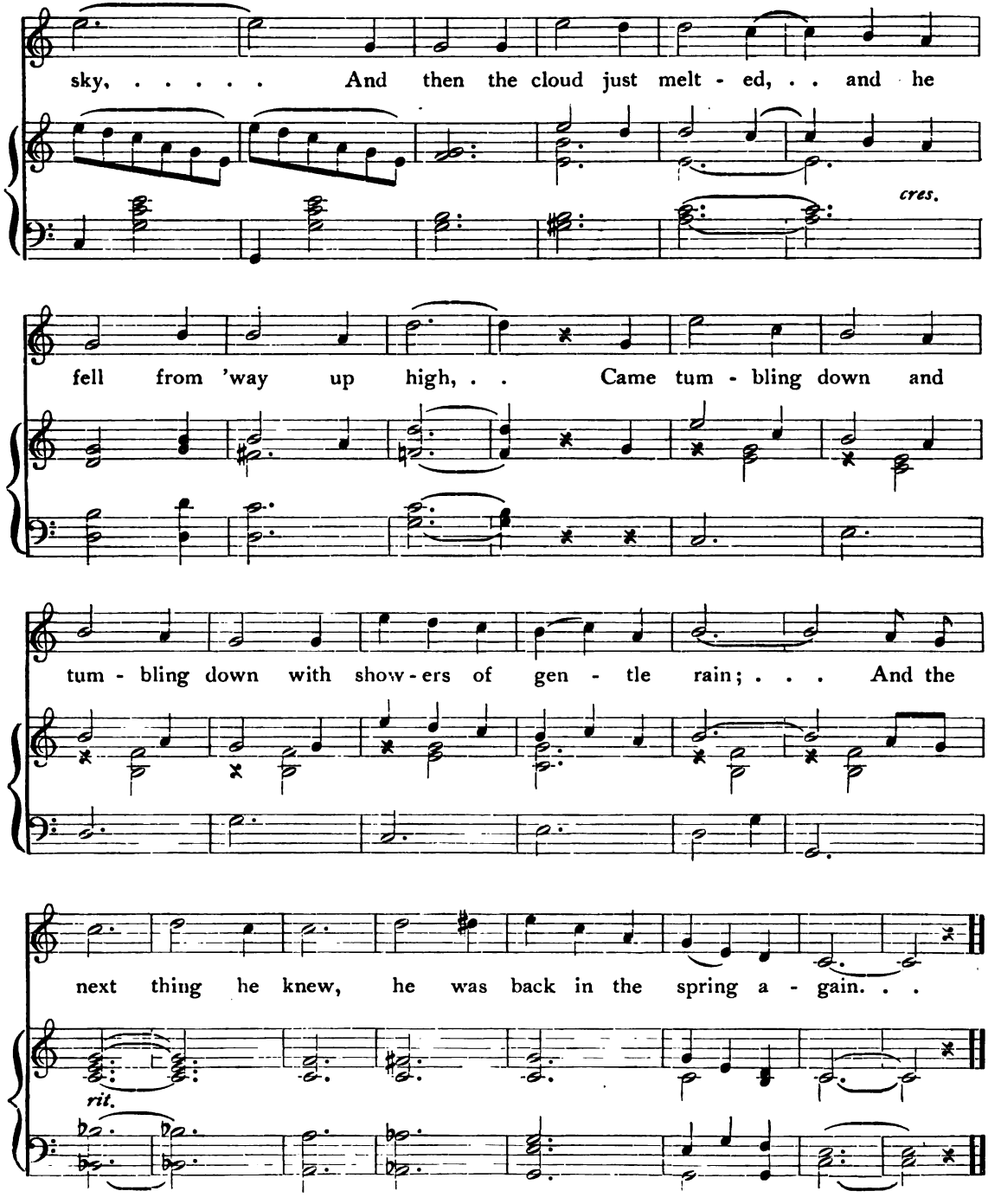

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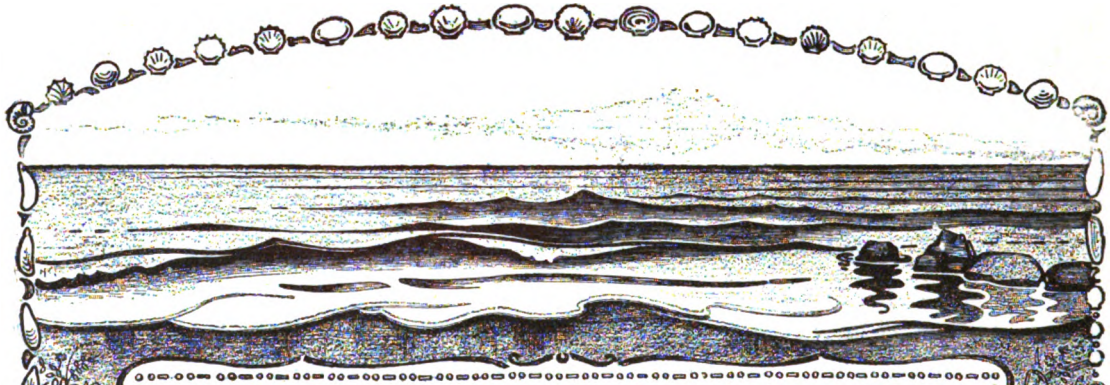
The Steamer's Message.



With the feeling of the sea.

The steamer that pass-es far

Quietly.

mp

out at sea Sends mes - sa - ges back to land, . . And I get a mes-sage, tho'

I can't hear Nor see her from where I stand, . . Nor see her from where I

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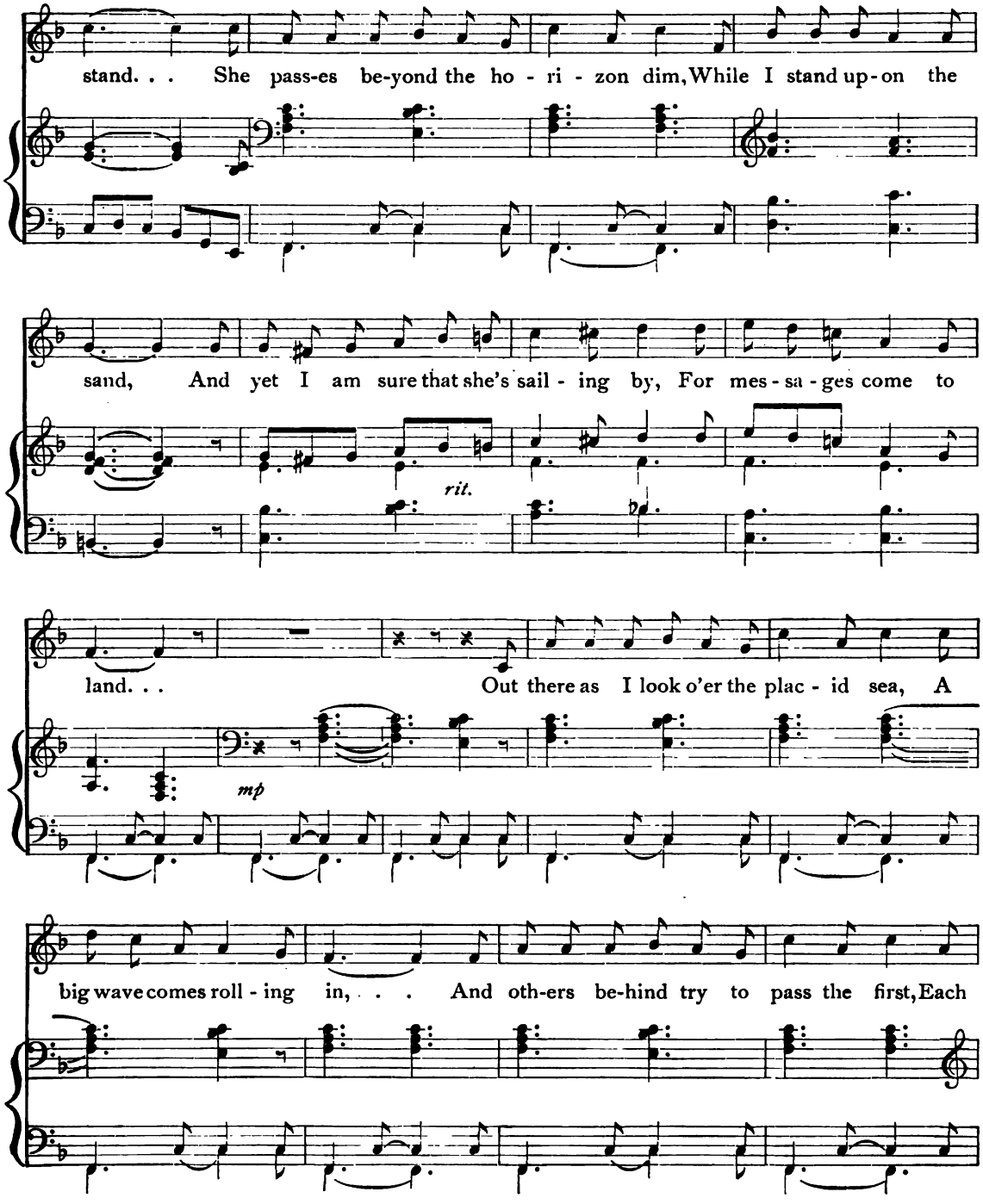

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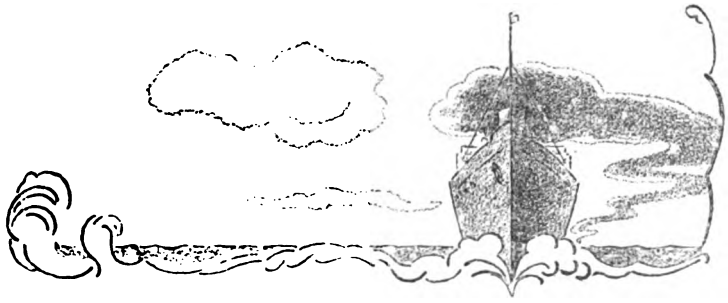
striv-ing the race to win, . . Each striv-ing the race to win. . . They

tell that the steam-er is on her way, She start-ed them long be-fore; To

right and to left from her glist-'ning prow They raced with the news to shore.

rit.



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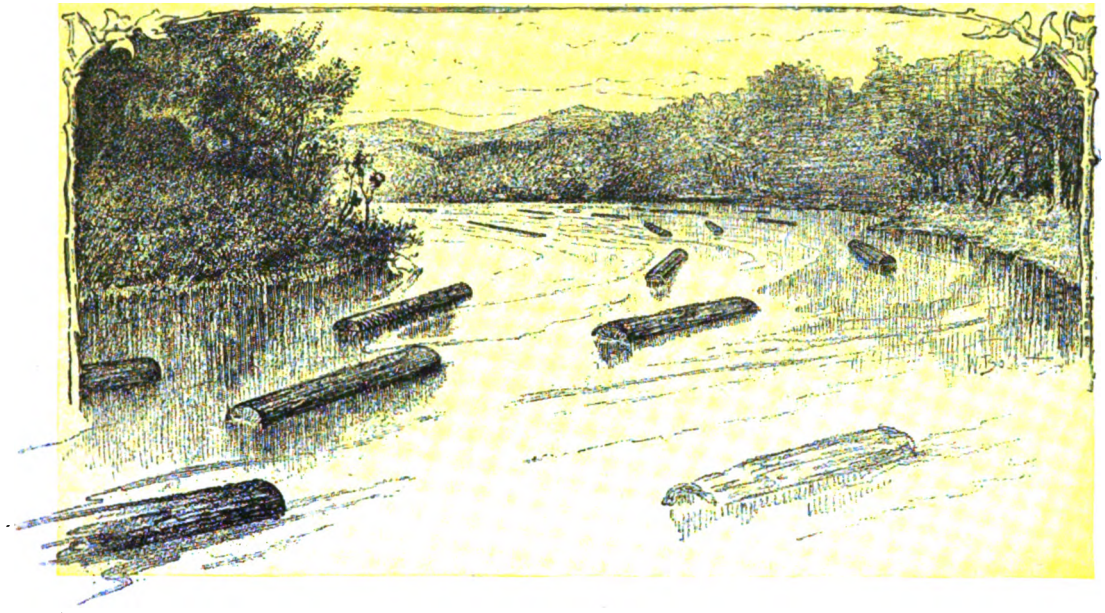
The Journey of the Logs.



As quietly as possible.

The logs be- gin their journey in the mountains far a- way, And

slow- ly down the riv - er each one floats; . . And when they reach a saw-mill they are

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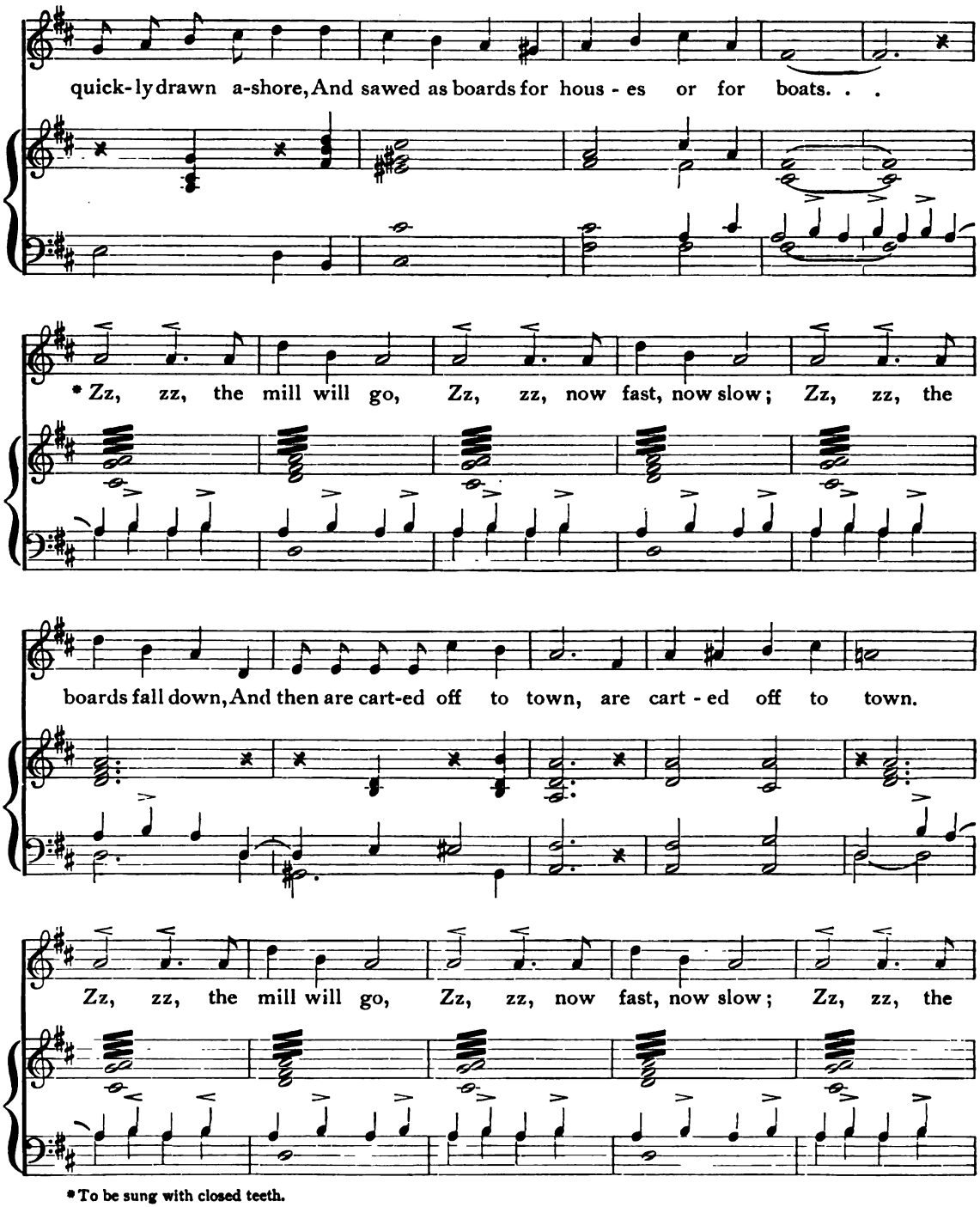

* To be sung with closed teeth.

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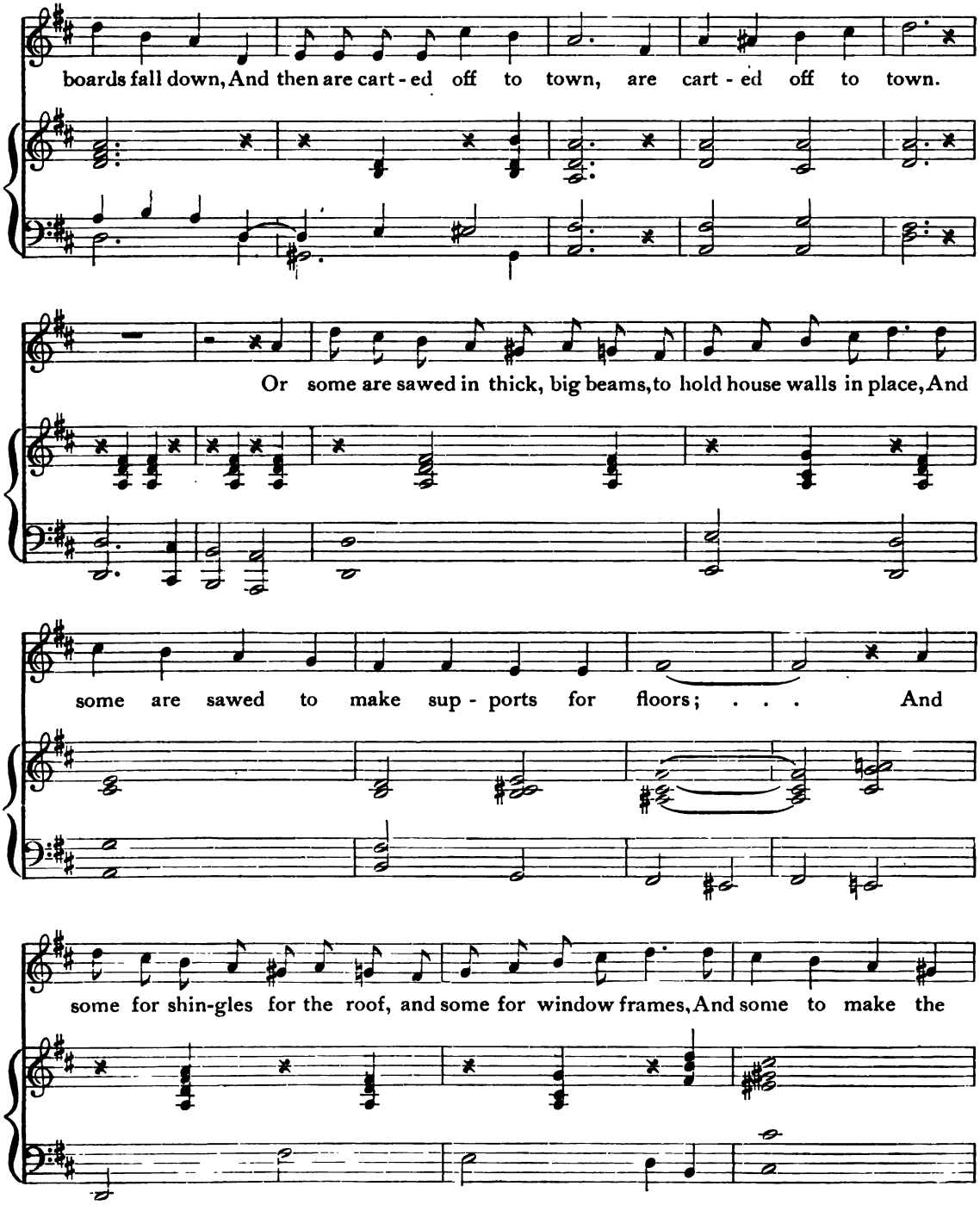

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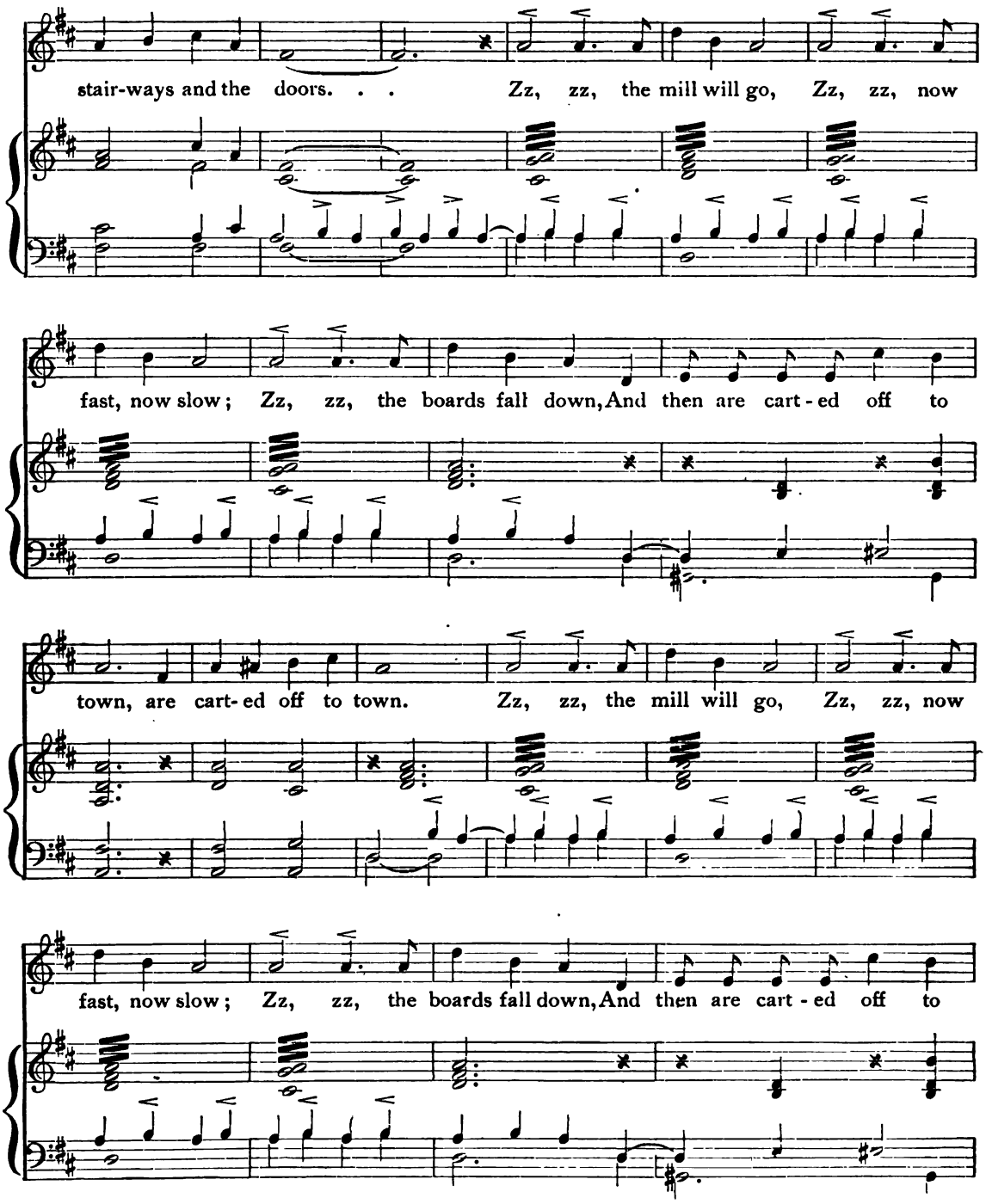

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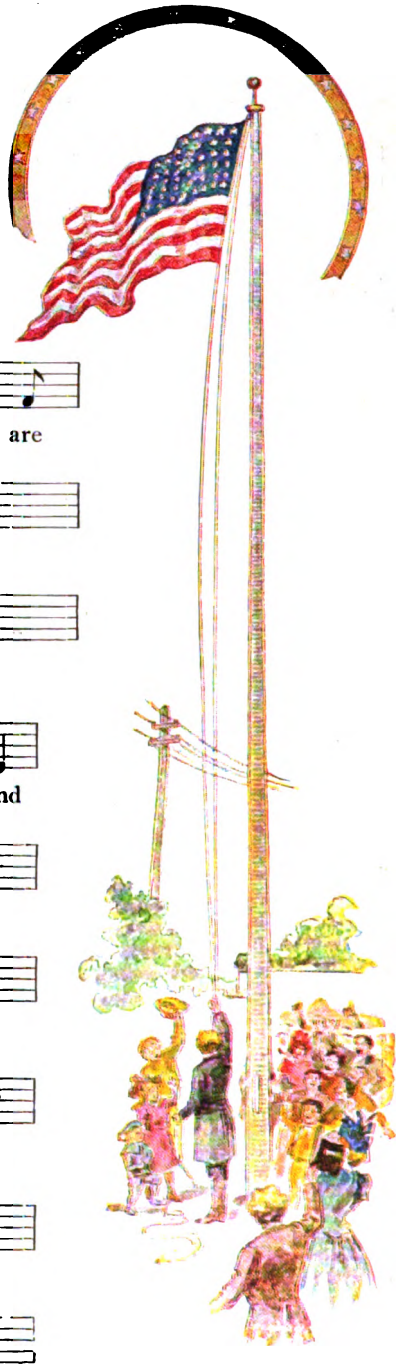
town, are cart - ed off to town.

And some big fel - lows ly - ing there are

planed and polished up, And sent where logs are needed good and

long To hold the wires for tel - e - graph, or



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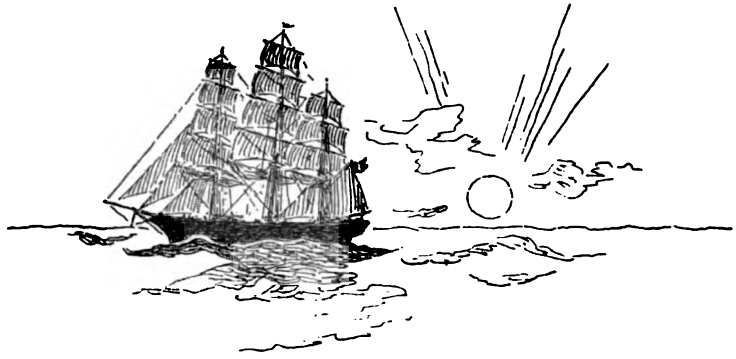
hold the wav-ing flags, Or make the great ship's masts so high and strong. . .



Zz, zz, the mill will go, Zz, zz, now fast, now slow; Zz, zz, the

boards fall down, And then are cart - ed off to town, are cart - ed off to town.

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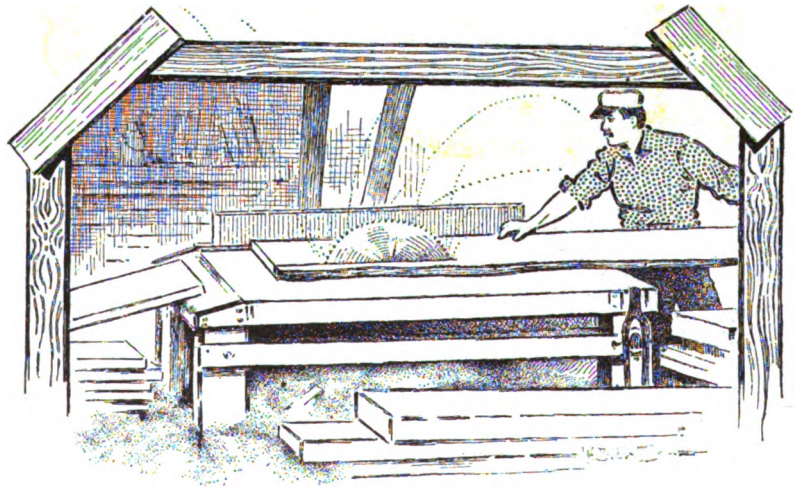
Zz, zz, the mill will go, Zz, zz, now fast, now slow; Zz, zz, the

boards fall down, And then are cart-ed off to town, are cart - ed off to town.



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Cycle of the Year.

Tell the story.

"Hel - lo!" said Fa - ther Win - ter, as he

Rather slowly.

p

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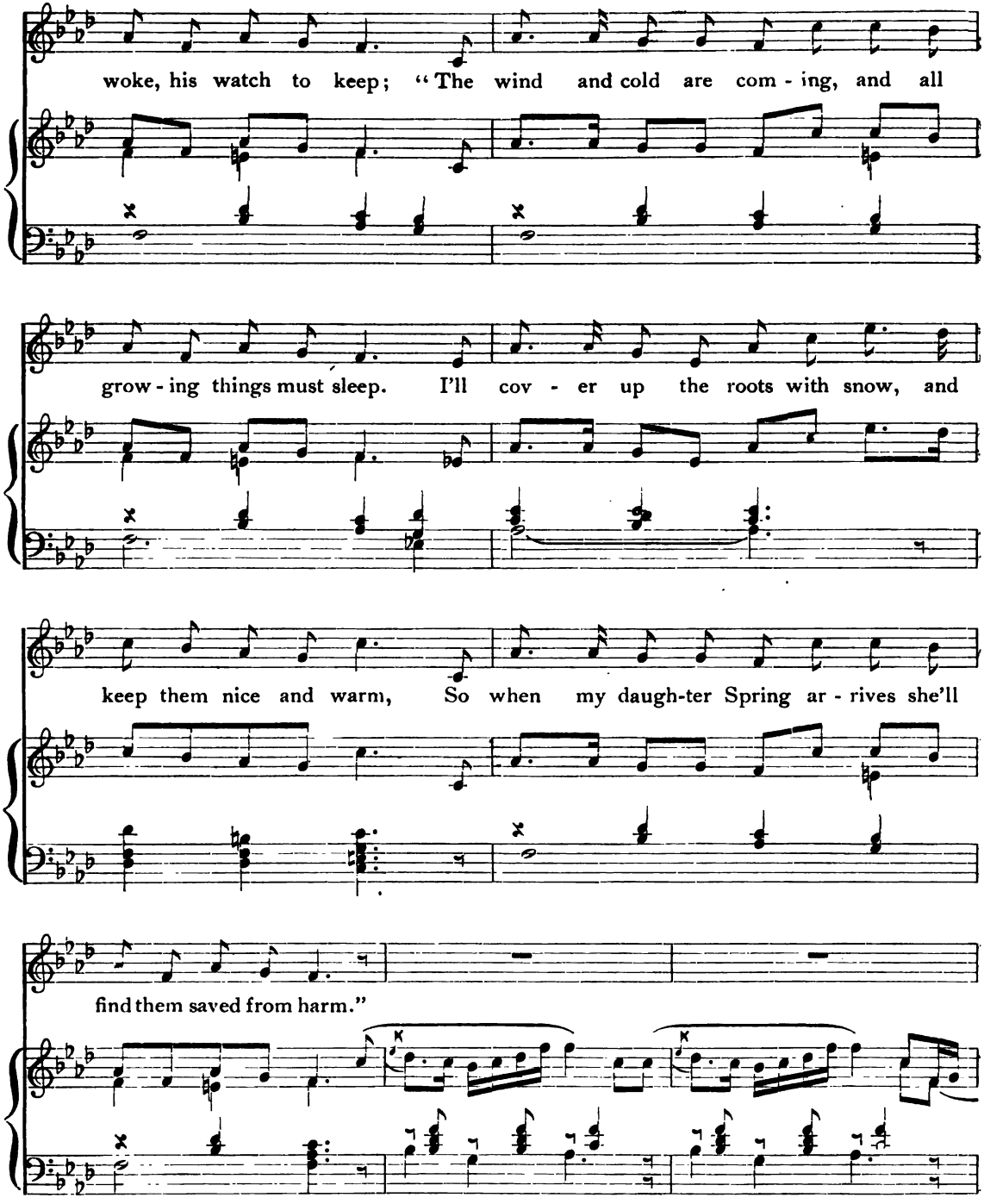

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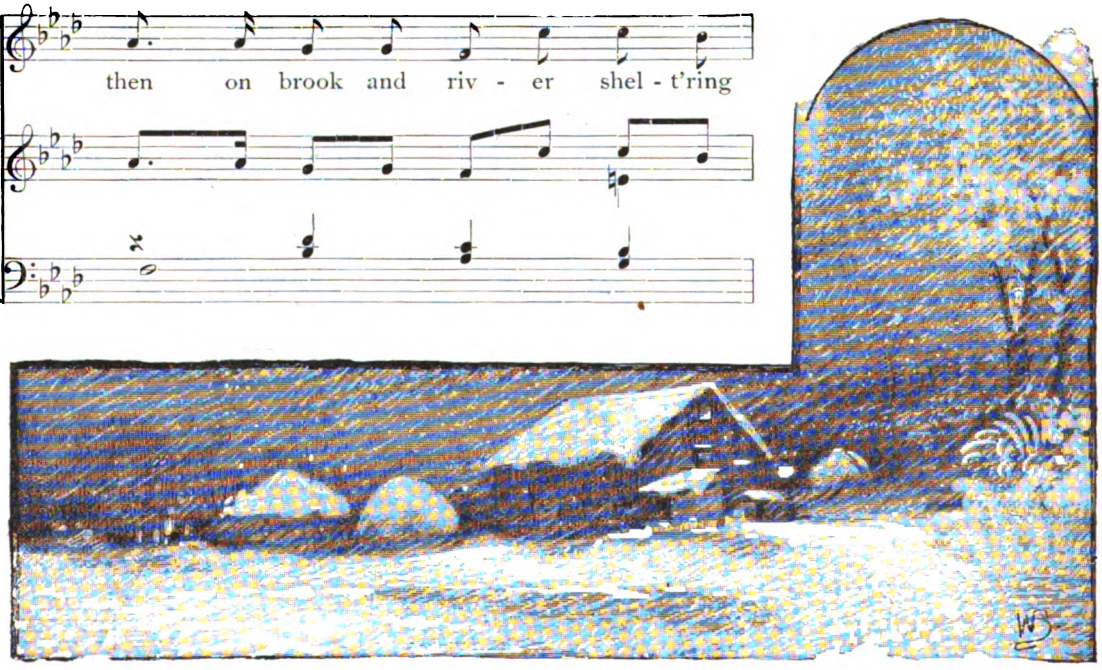
Then out in - to the fields he went and snow-white blankets spread, And

then on brook and riv - er shel - t'ring



sheets of ice he laid; And so he kept things safe and warm till

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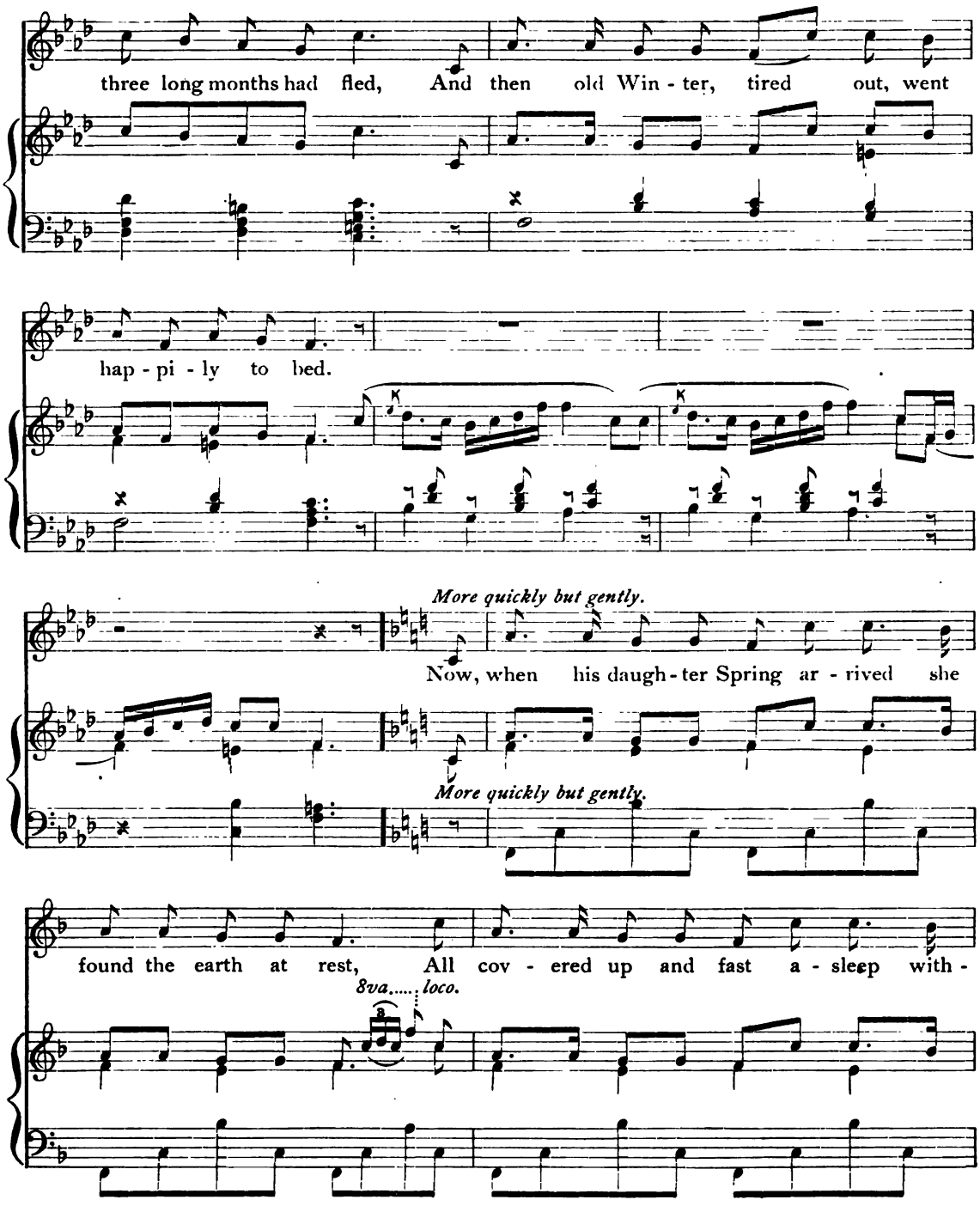

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in its snow - white nest. But

8va..... loco.

down be-neath the ground she heard the

flow - ers move a - bout, And

knew that they had slept e - nough and

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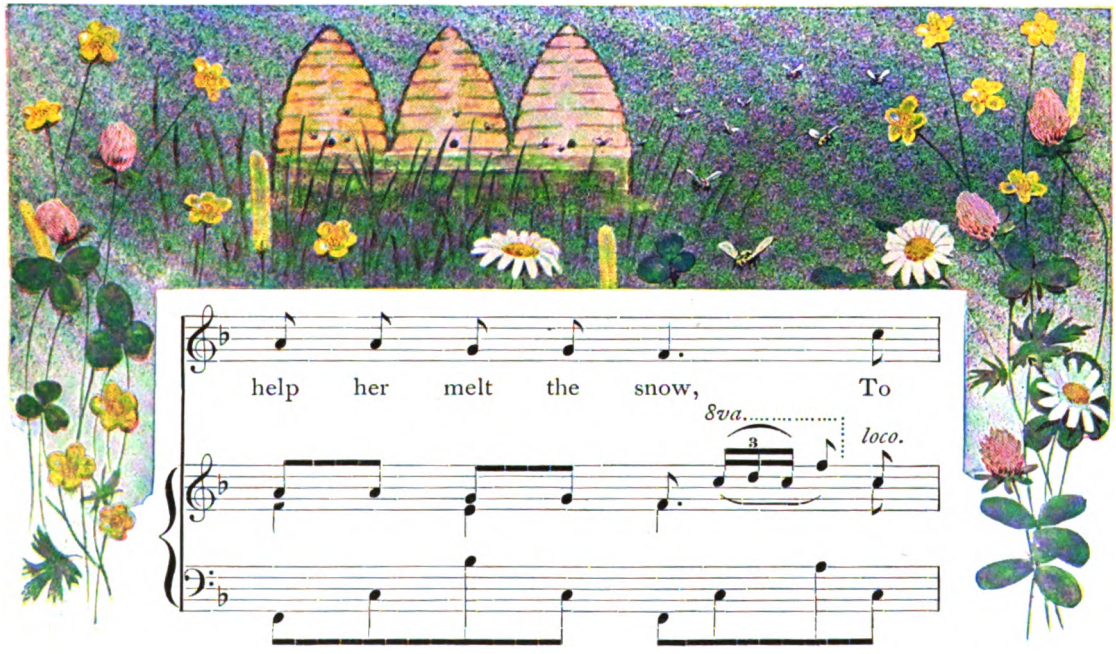
want - ed to come out. She quick - ly called the Sun to come and

8va..... loco.



soft - en up the hard - ened ground and let the dear things grow; Then

8va..... loco.

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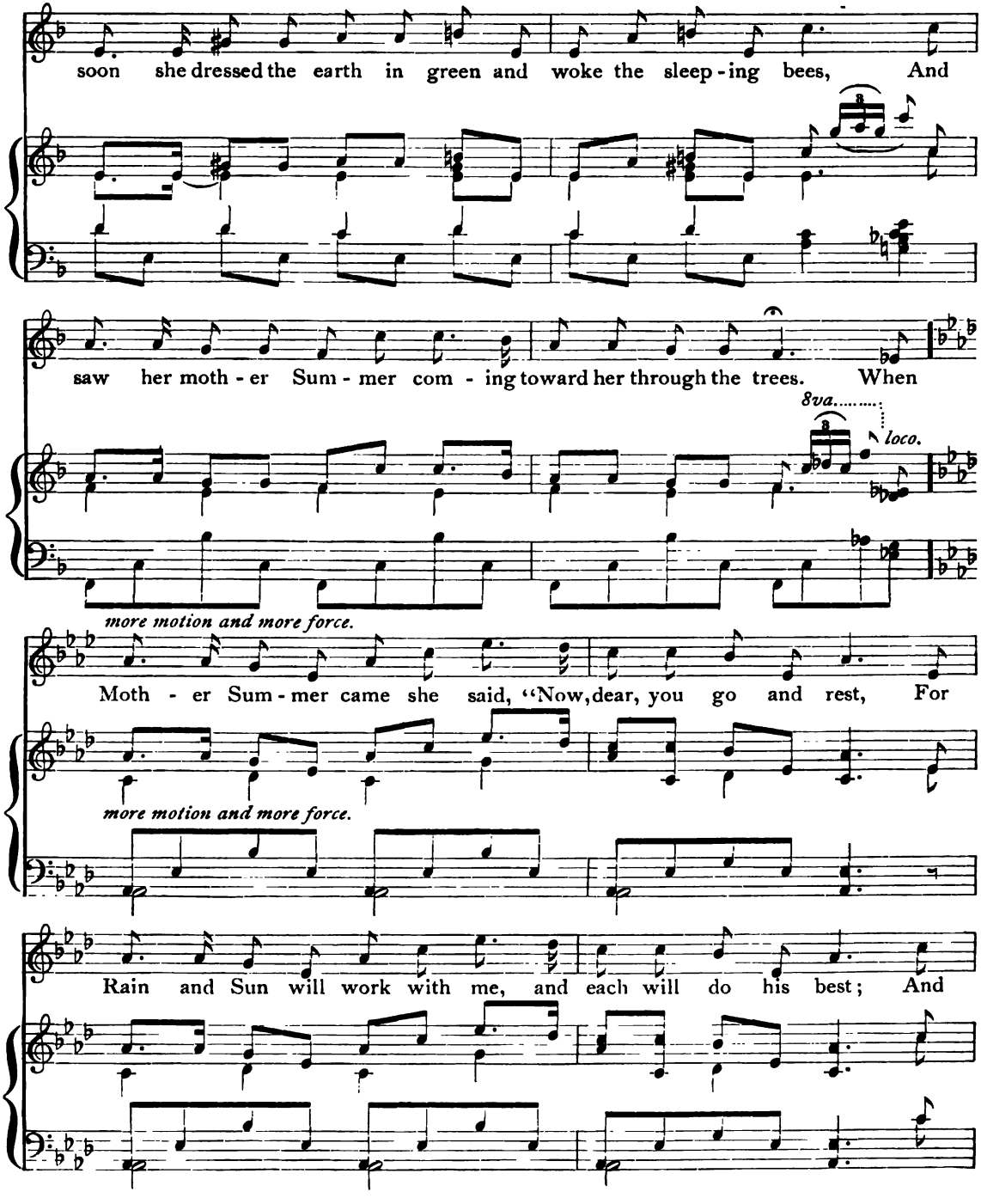

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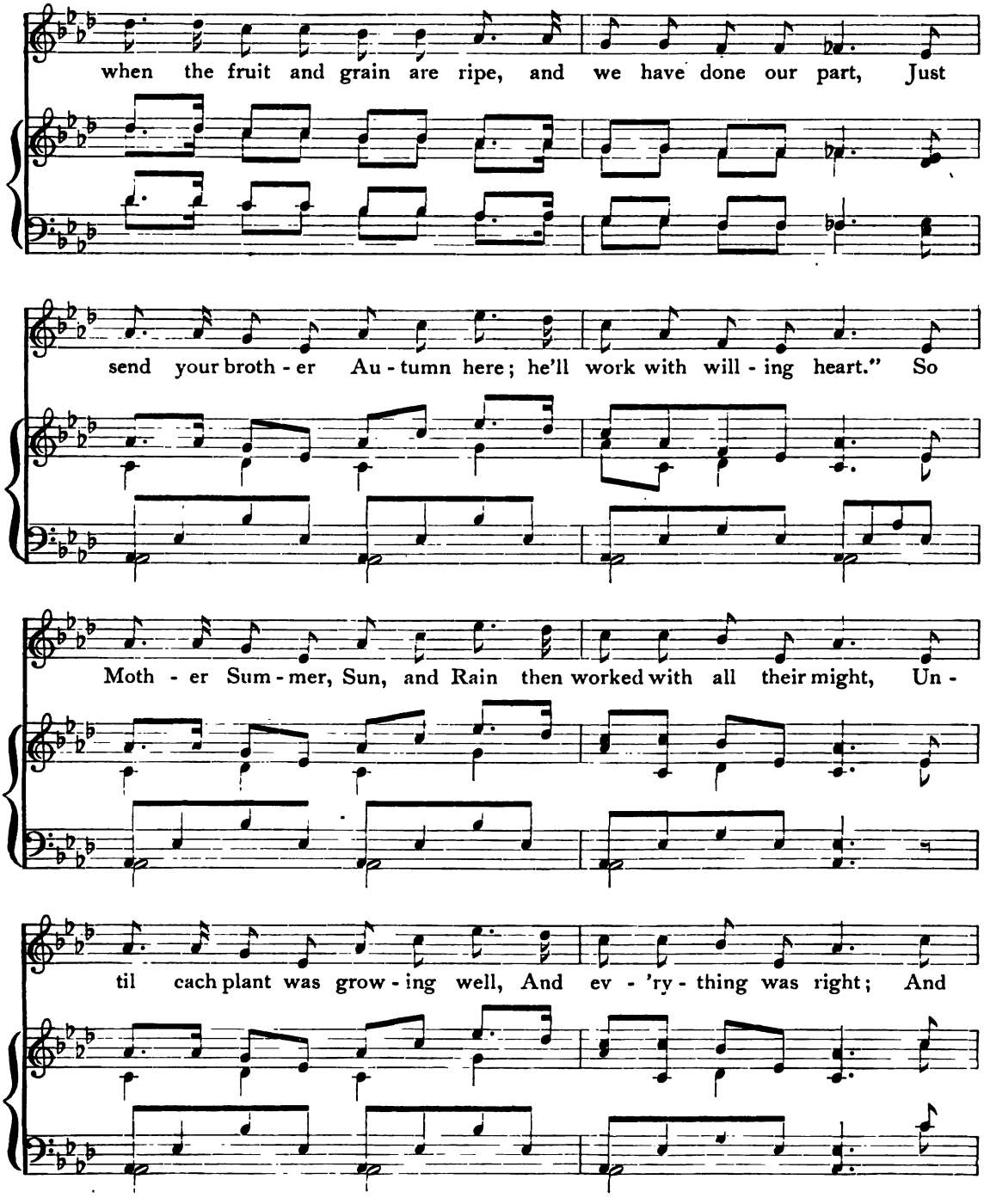

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August came, and Summer stood and

rest - ed 'neath the trees, And

then sat down and watch'd things grow, and

nod-ded in the breeze.

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Quite broad.

Then Au - tumn,

rit.

Steadily increasing in force to end. mf

with his strong young arms, came hap - pi - ly a -

long, . . . And ev - er as he worked he sang a

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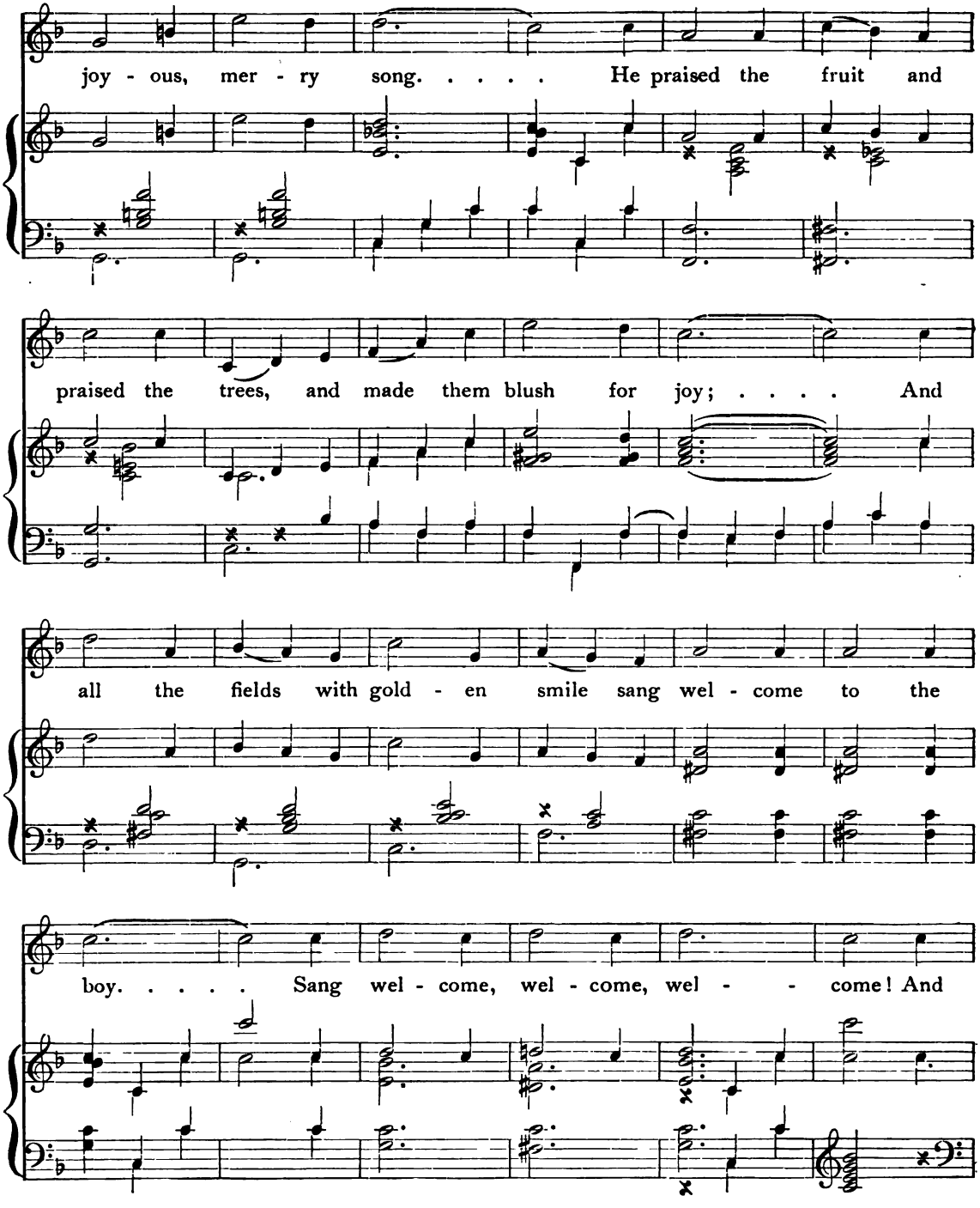

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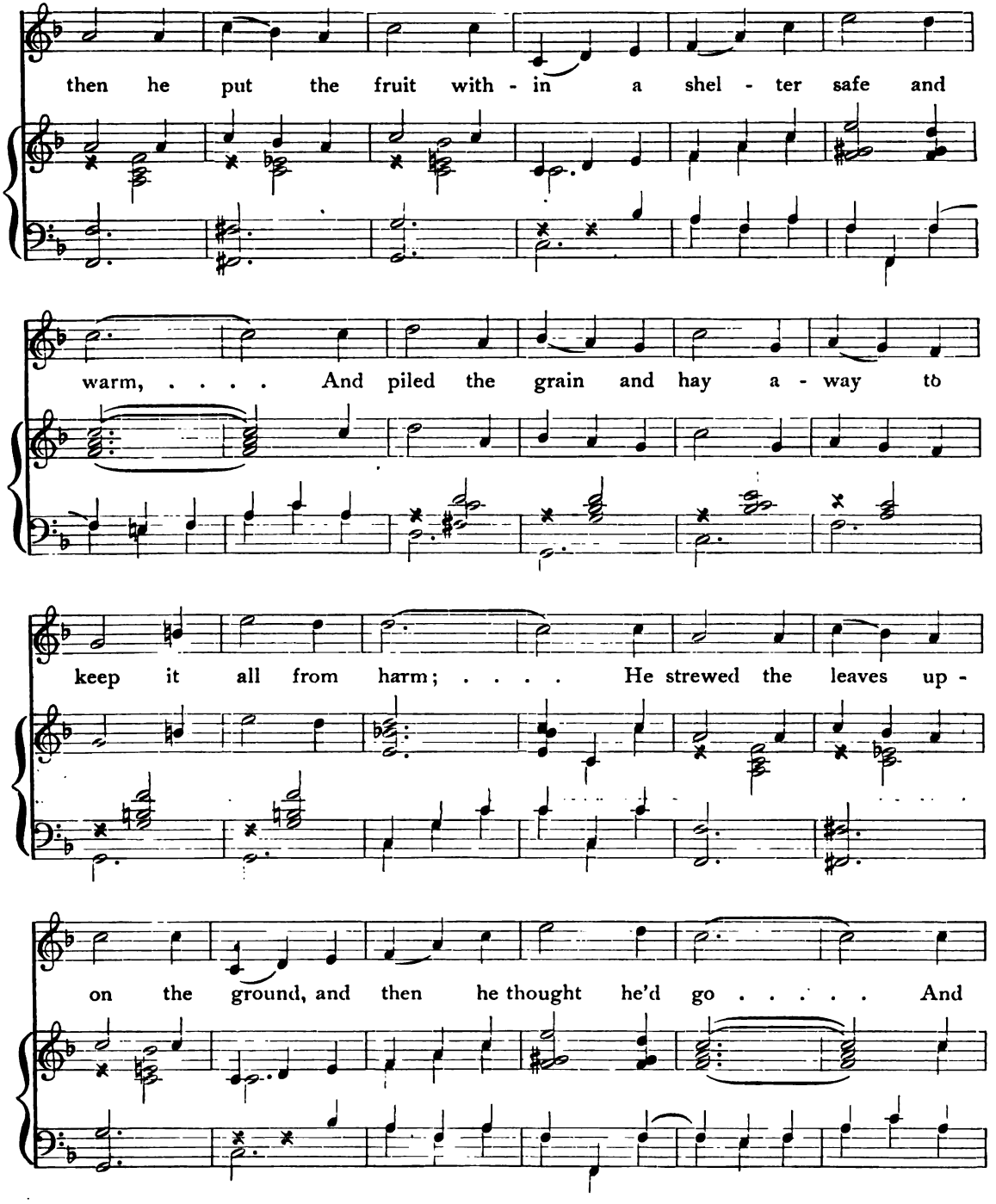

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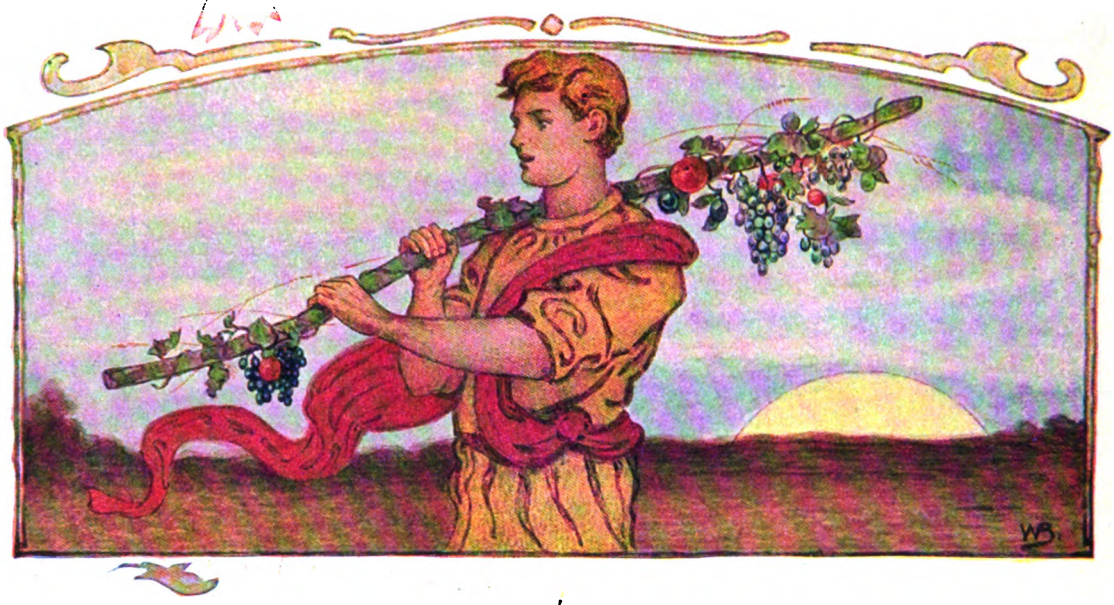
tell his fa - ther Win - ter all was read - y for the



snow. . . . . .

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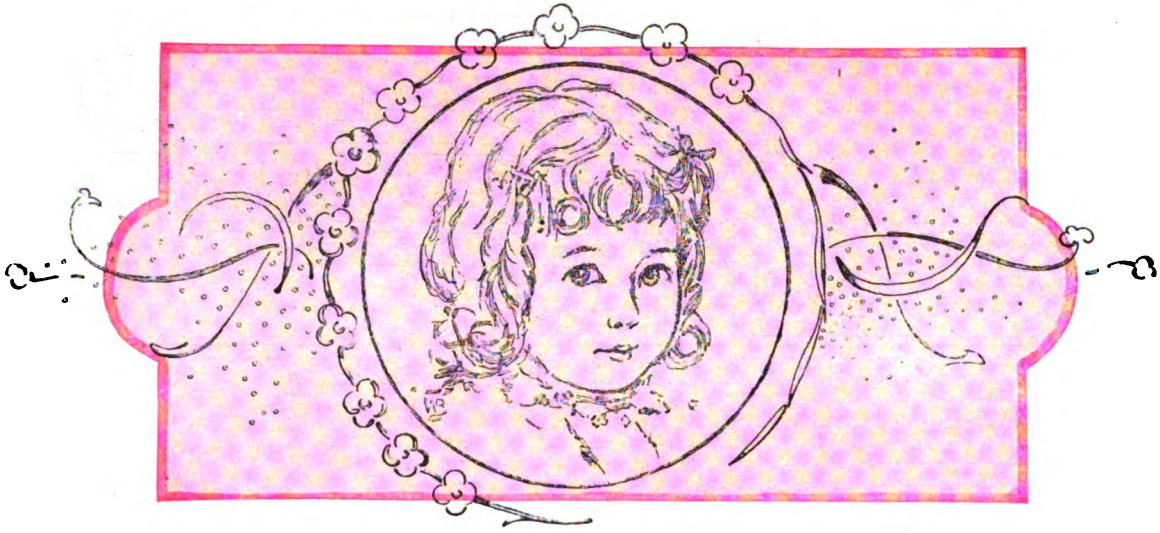
Baby's Face.



Happily.

I know a place the sun - beams

f

love, A fas - ci - na - ting place, . . Where they can play at hide and

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seek: It is our ba - by's face. . . Her eyes and hair are pla - ces

dear To run and hide with - in; . But

most of all, I think, they love The dim - ple

rit. *dim.*

in her chin. . . One day there came some naught - y folk To see the

mp *cres.*

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play-ground fair; . . Old Scowl and Frown just spoiled the

eyes, And Tem-per mussed the hair; . . Just spoiled the

accel. *cres.*

eyes and mussed the hair. But Hap-pi-ness, dear

rit. *f* *more slowly.*

lit - tle queen, Was pass-ing by that way; She

accel.

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drove them off, and back a - gain The sun - beams came to play. . .

cres. accel.

cres.

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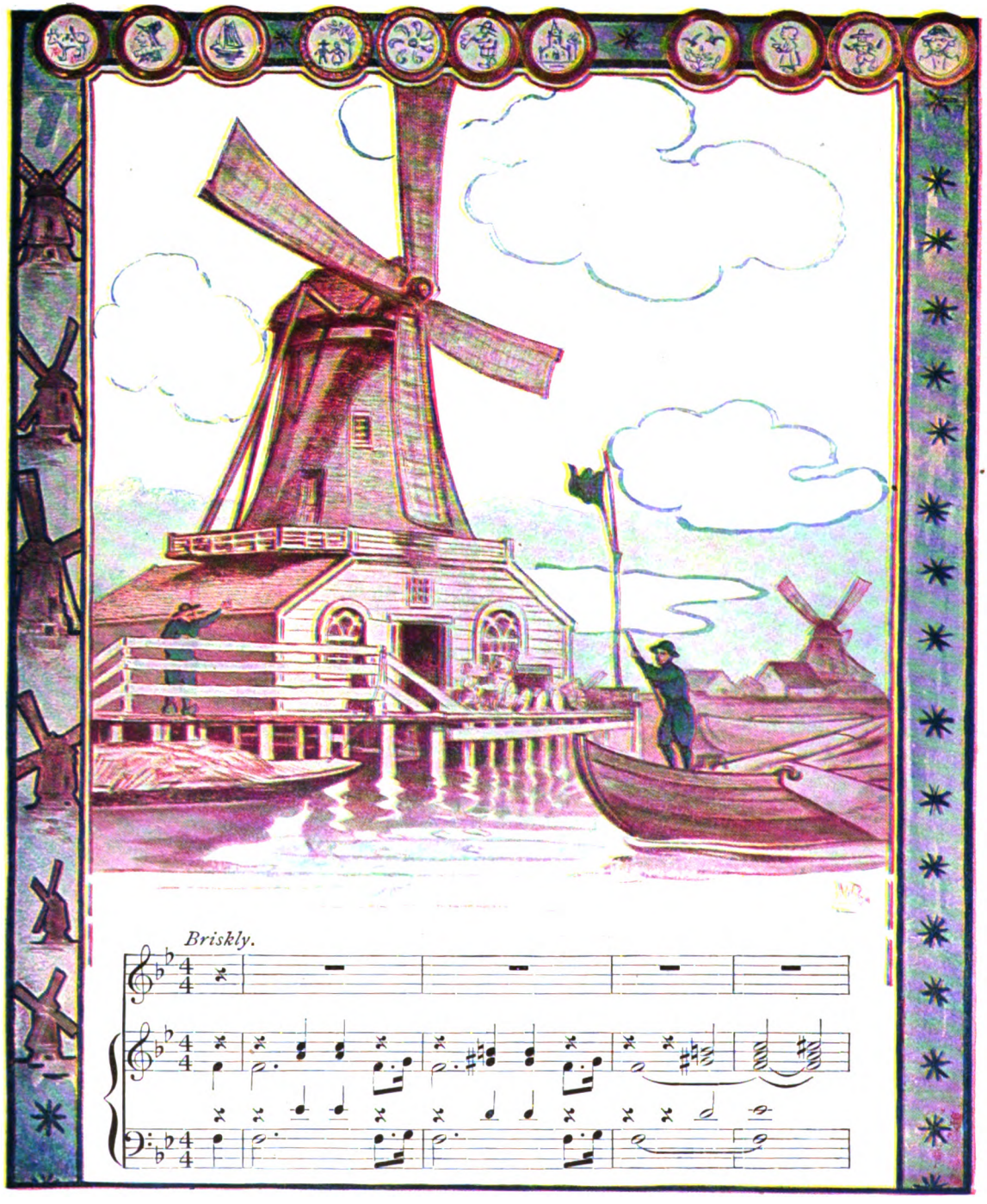
The Busy Wind.



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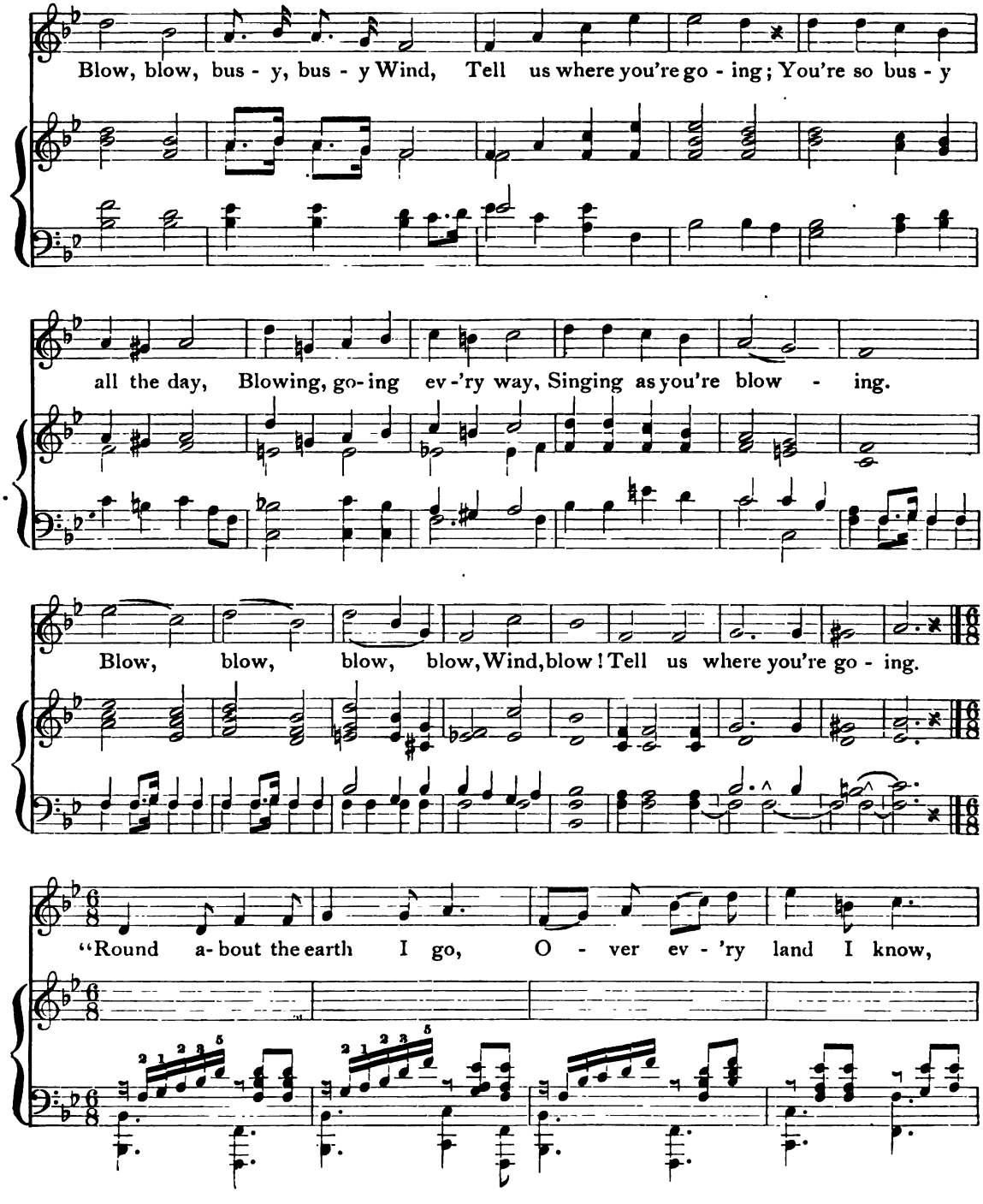

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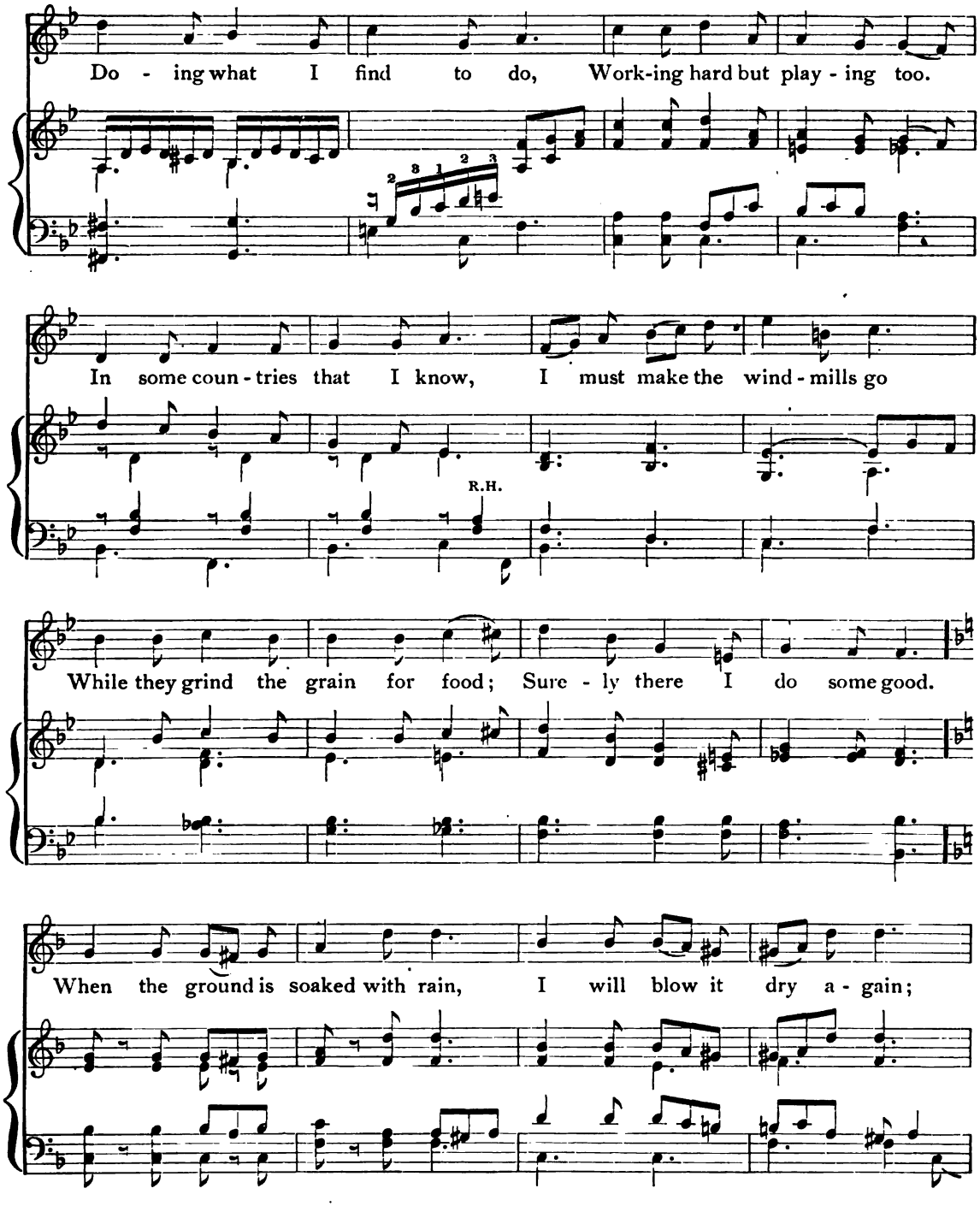

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Or, if it be ver - y dry, I will blow the rain-clouds by.

Sail - ing ships up - on the sea Spread their sails and wait for me;

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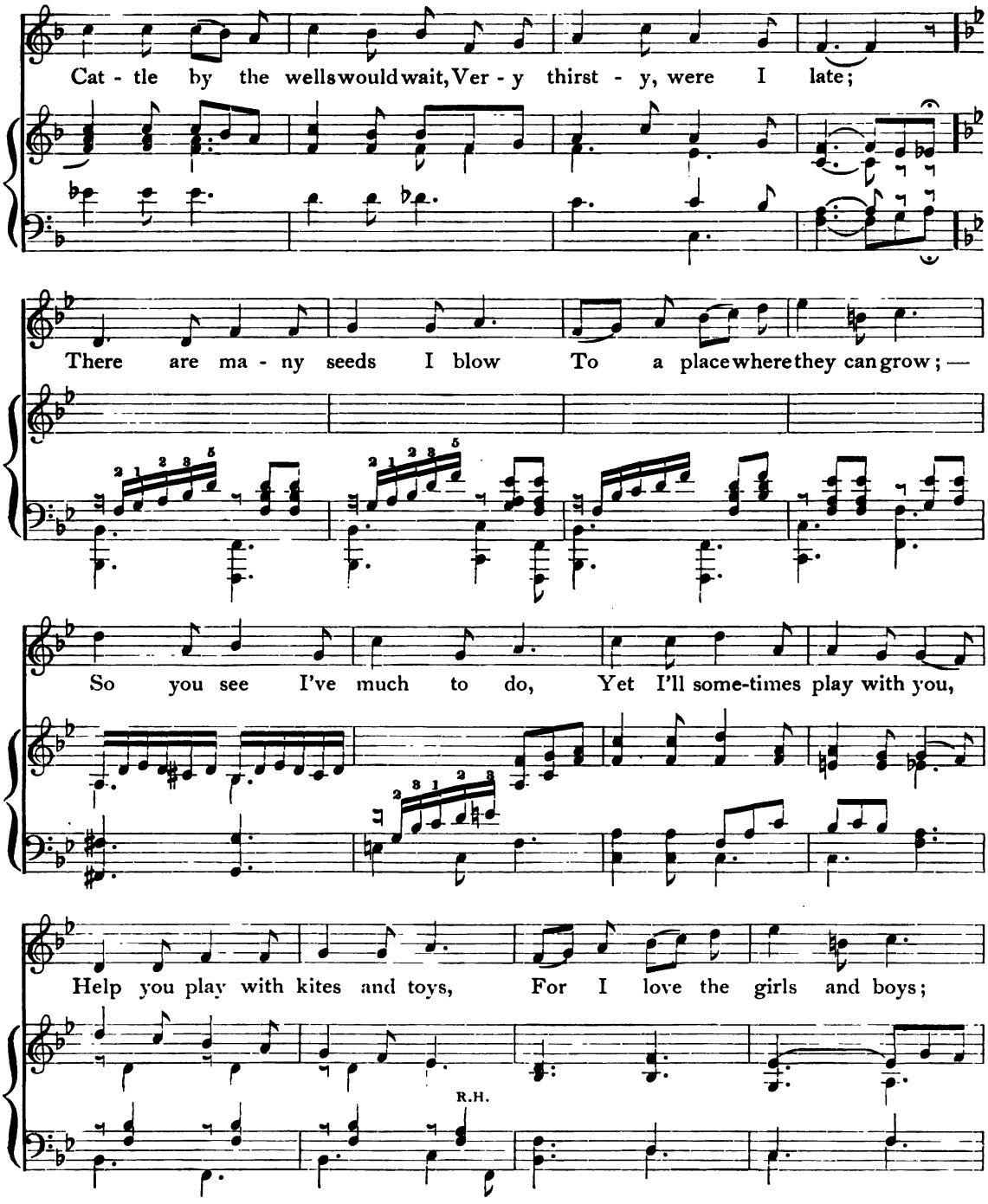

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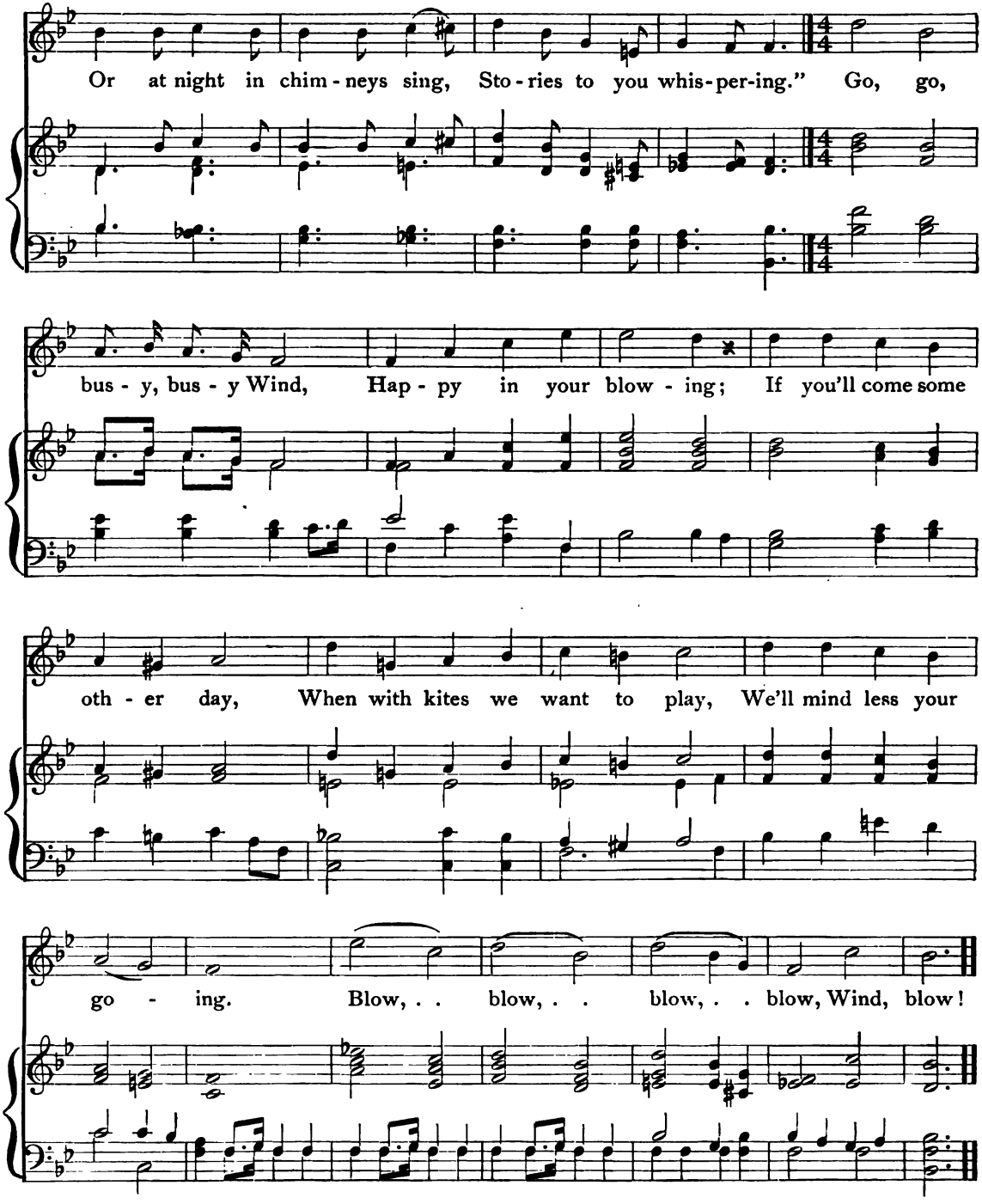

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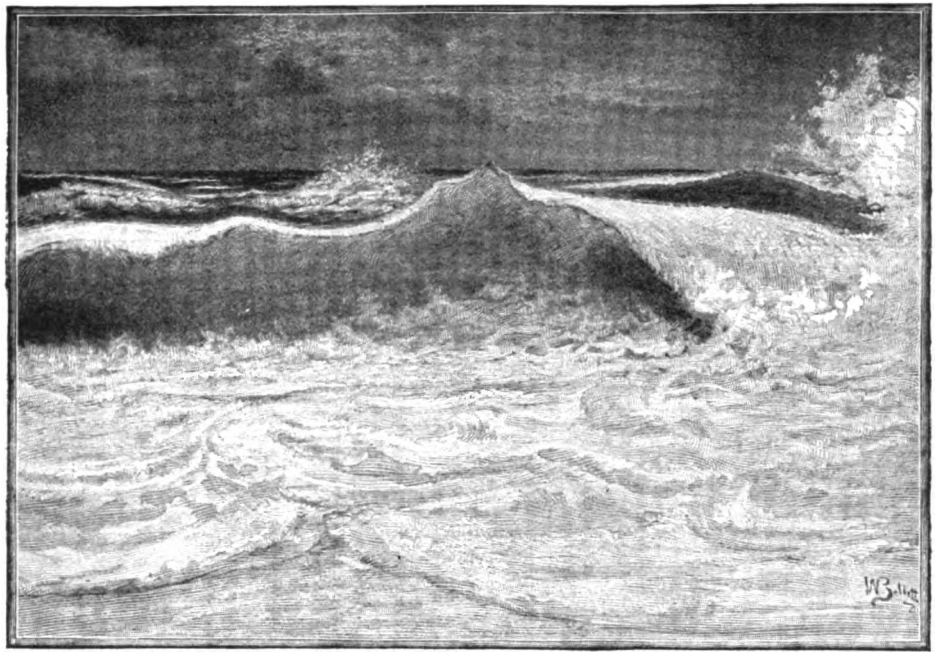
The Winds.



Gayly.

One morn-ing laugh-ing West Wind blew right

8va.

mf almost staccato. *mf*

out a-cross the sea, To make a lit-tle vis-it to the Sun;. . He

8va.

cres.

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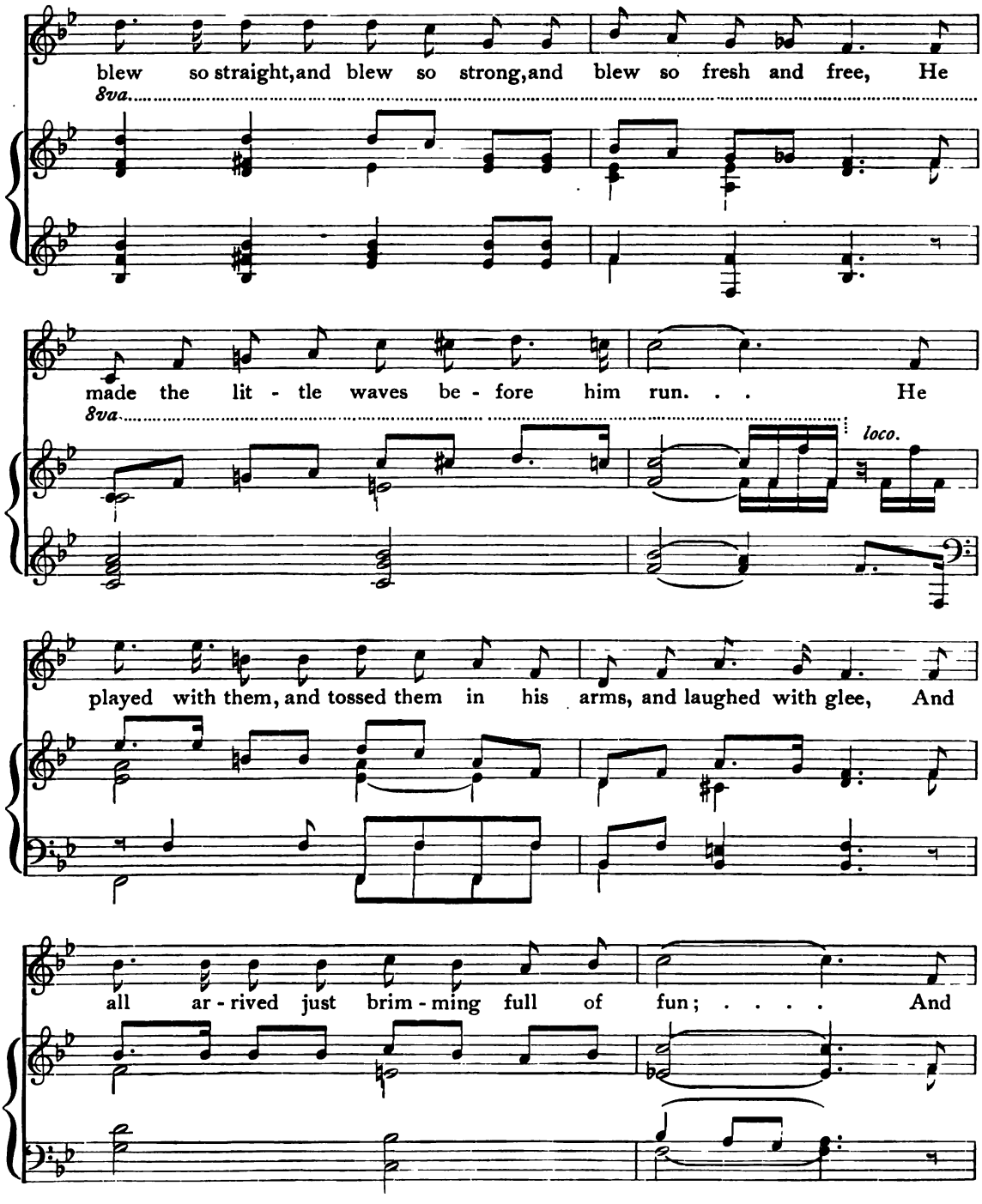

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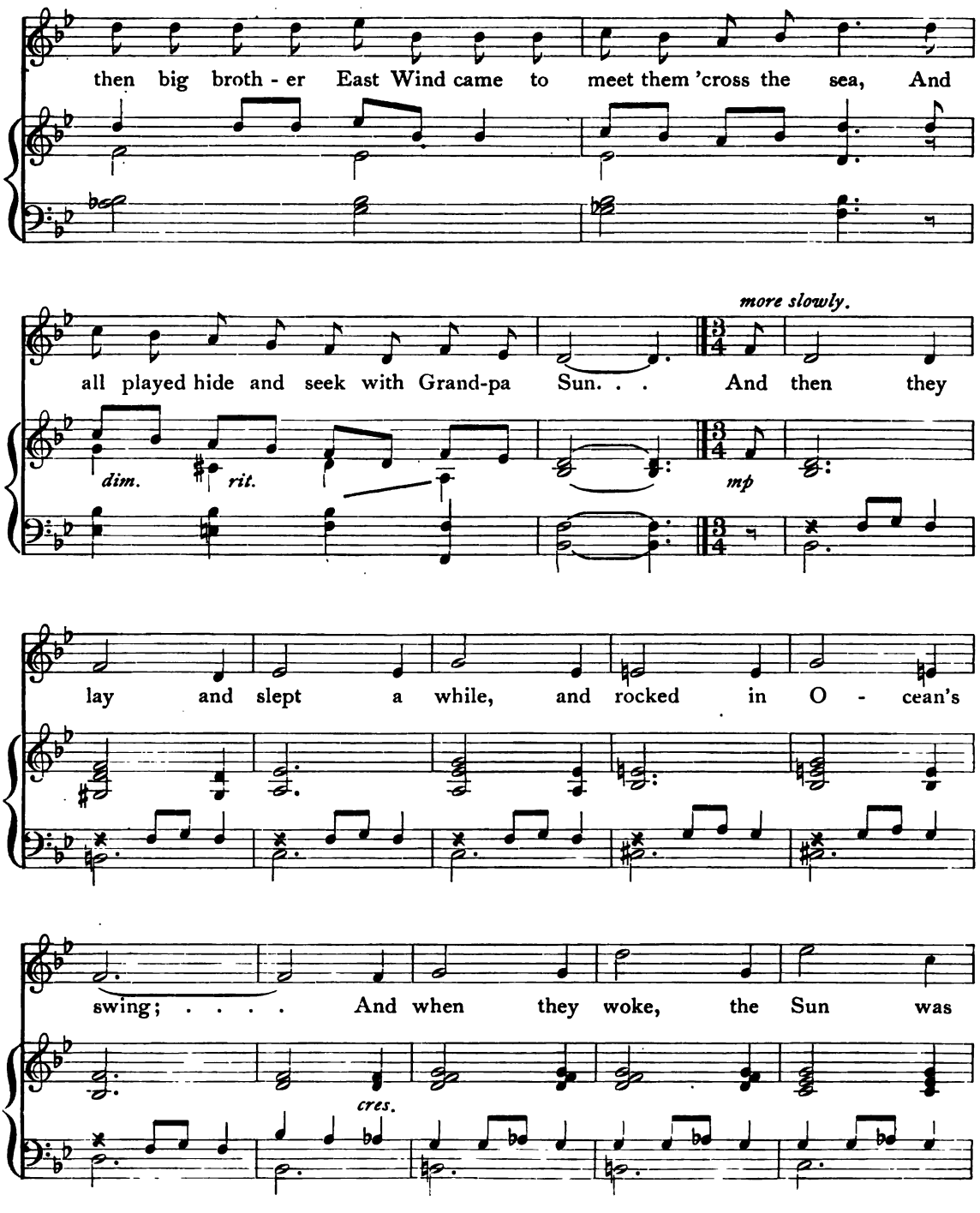

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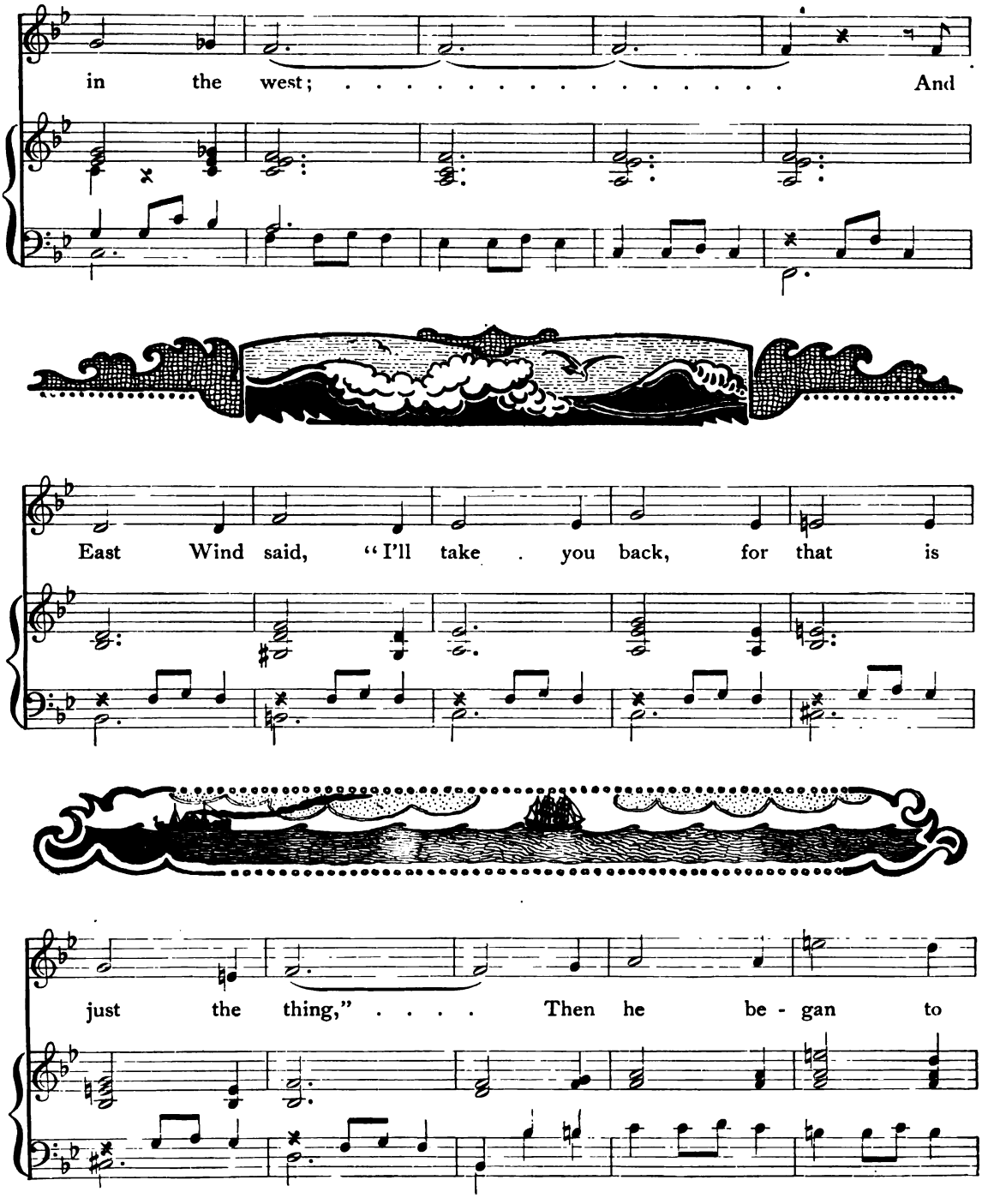

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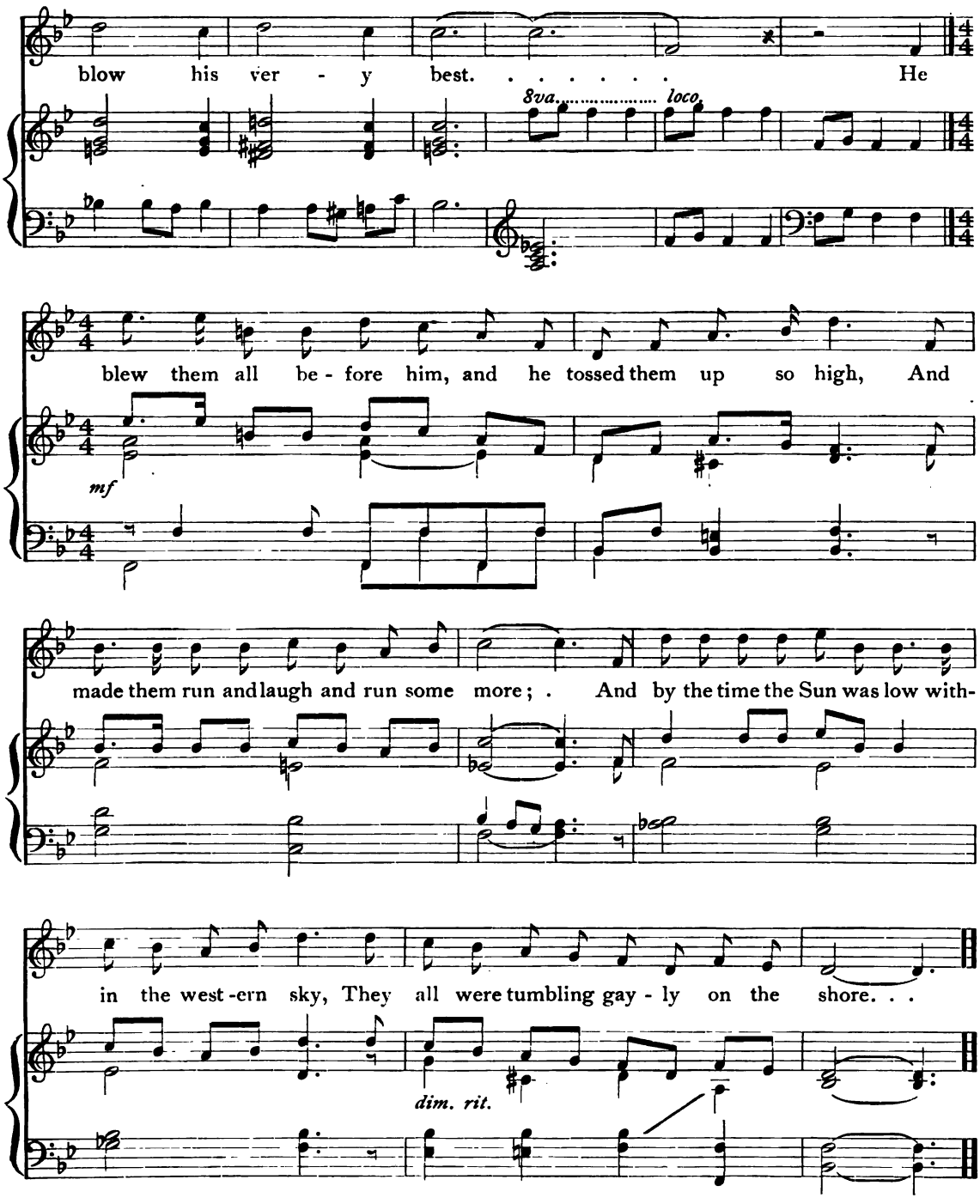

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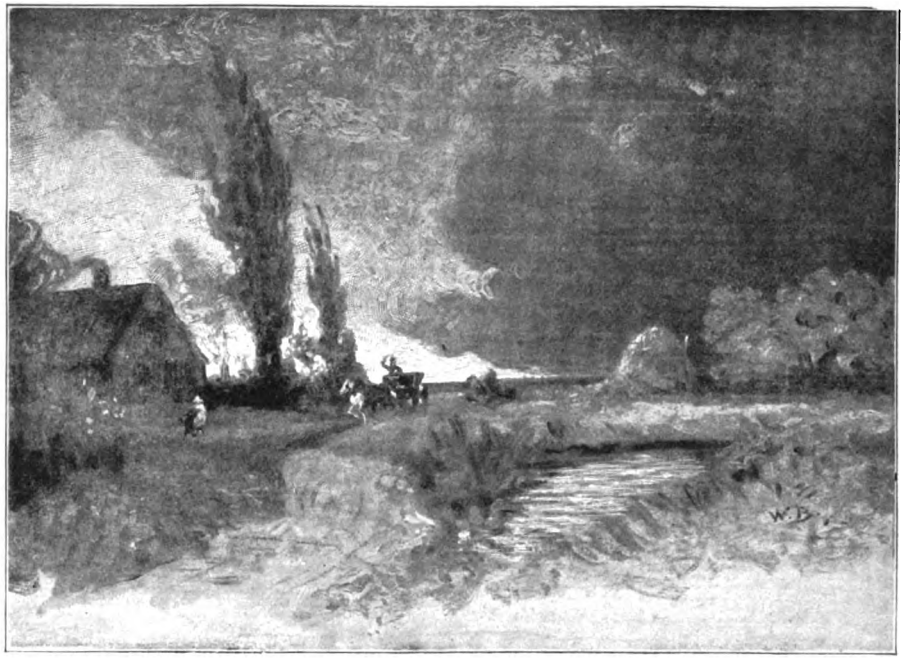
The Thunder.



With agitation.

p *f*

What does the rum - bling Thun - der say? "Rain! Rain! Rain!"

p *cres.* *cres.* *mf*

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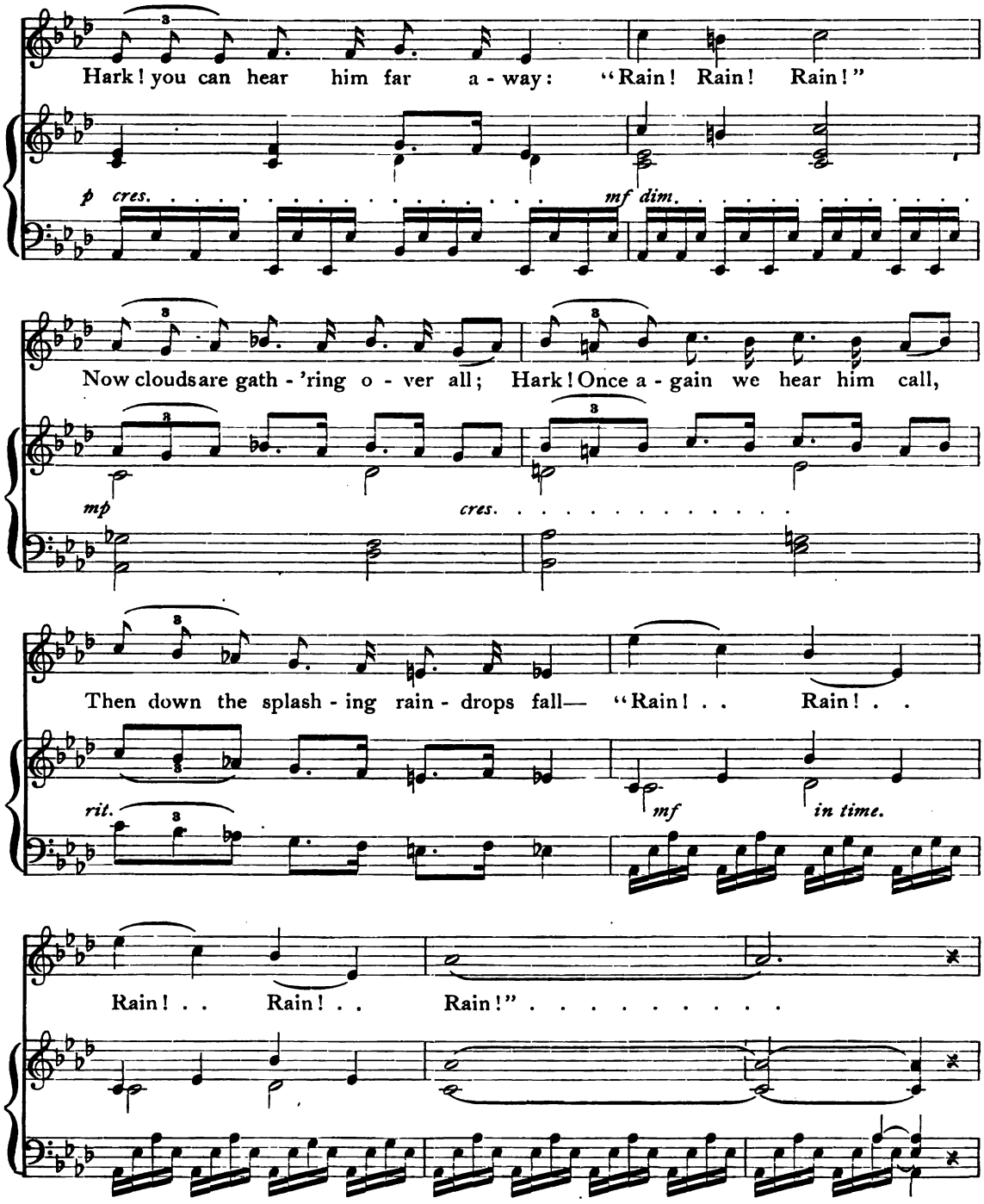

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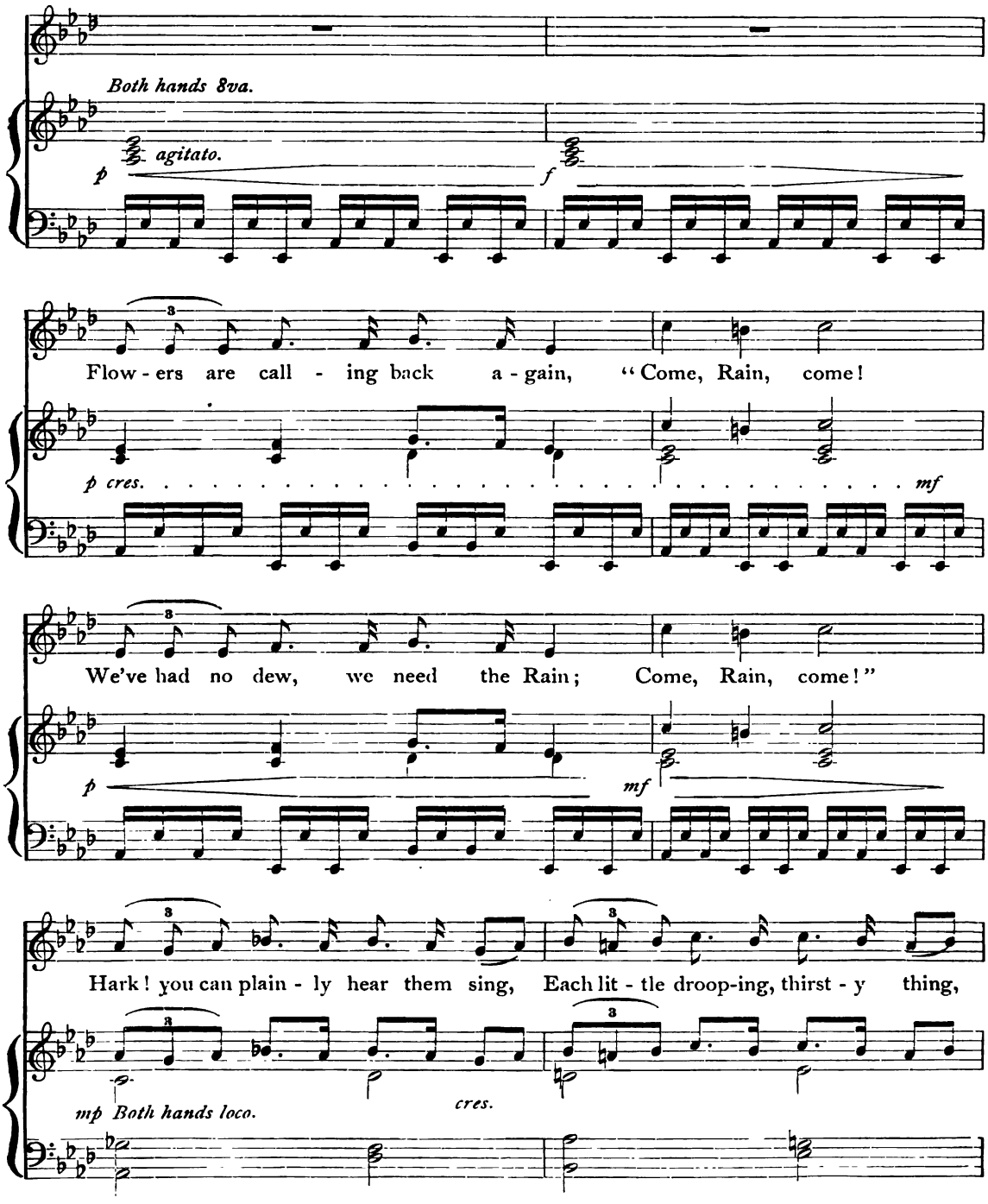

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Call - ing the clouds a drink to bring: "Come, . . Rain, . .

rit. *mf* *in time.*

come! . . Rain, . . come!" . . . . . .

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The Glacier.

A -

As quickly as possible.

pp

way up in A - las - ka, where 'tis some-times ver - y cold, A

p

sea breeze blew one day and would not stop; It

N. B. Soft pedal sustained all through. Sustaining pedal changed with each chord.

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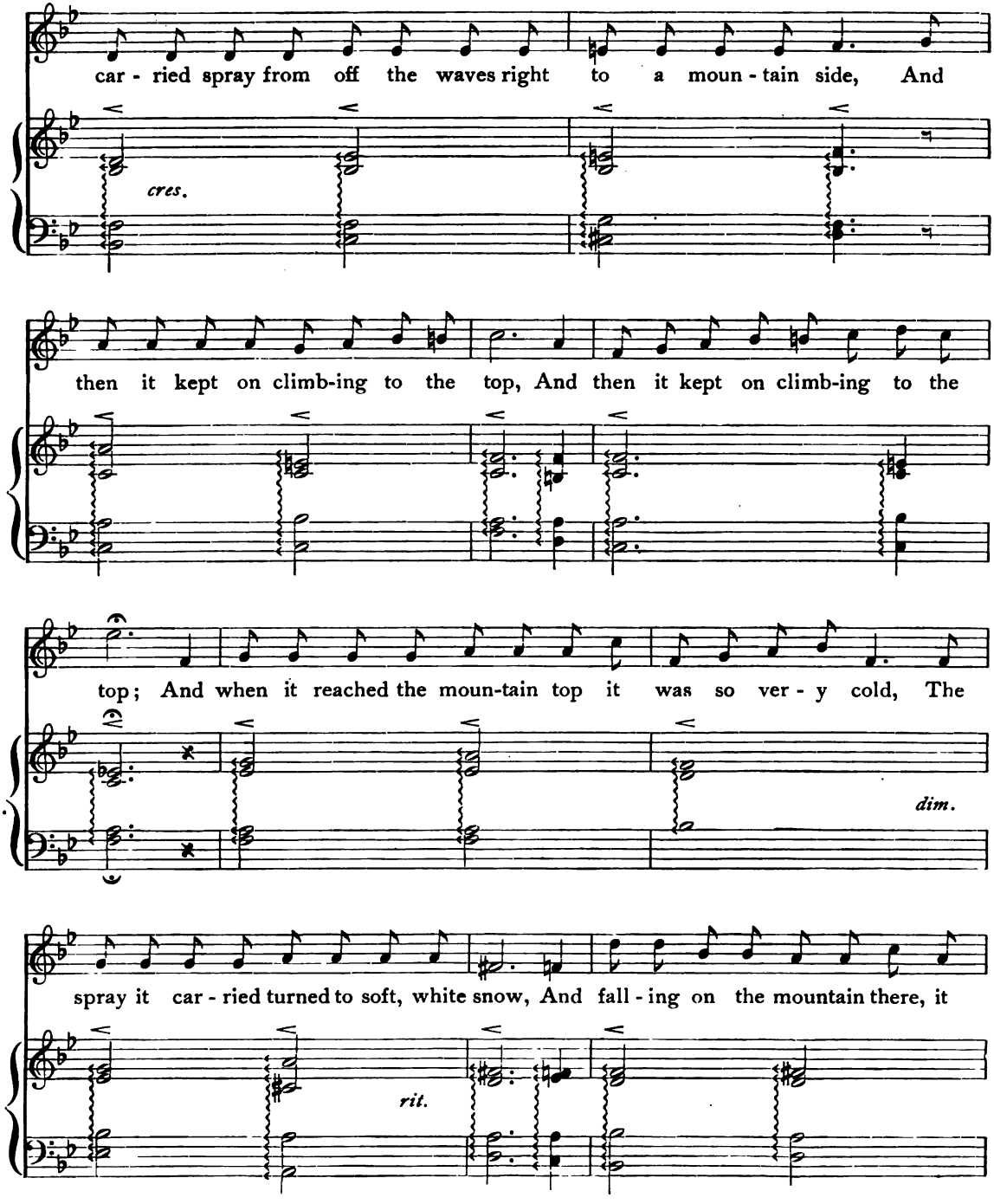

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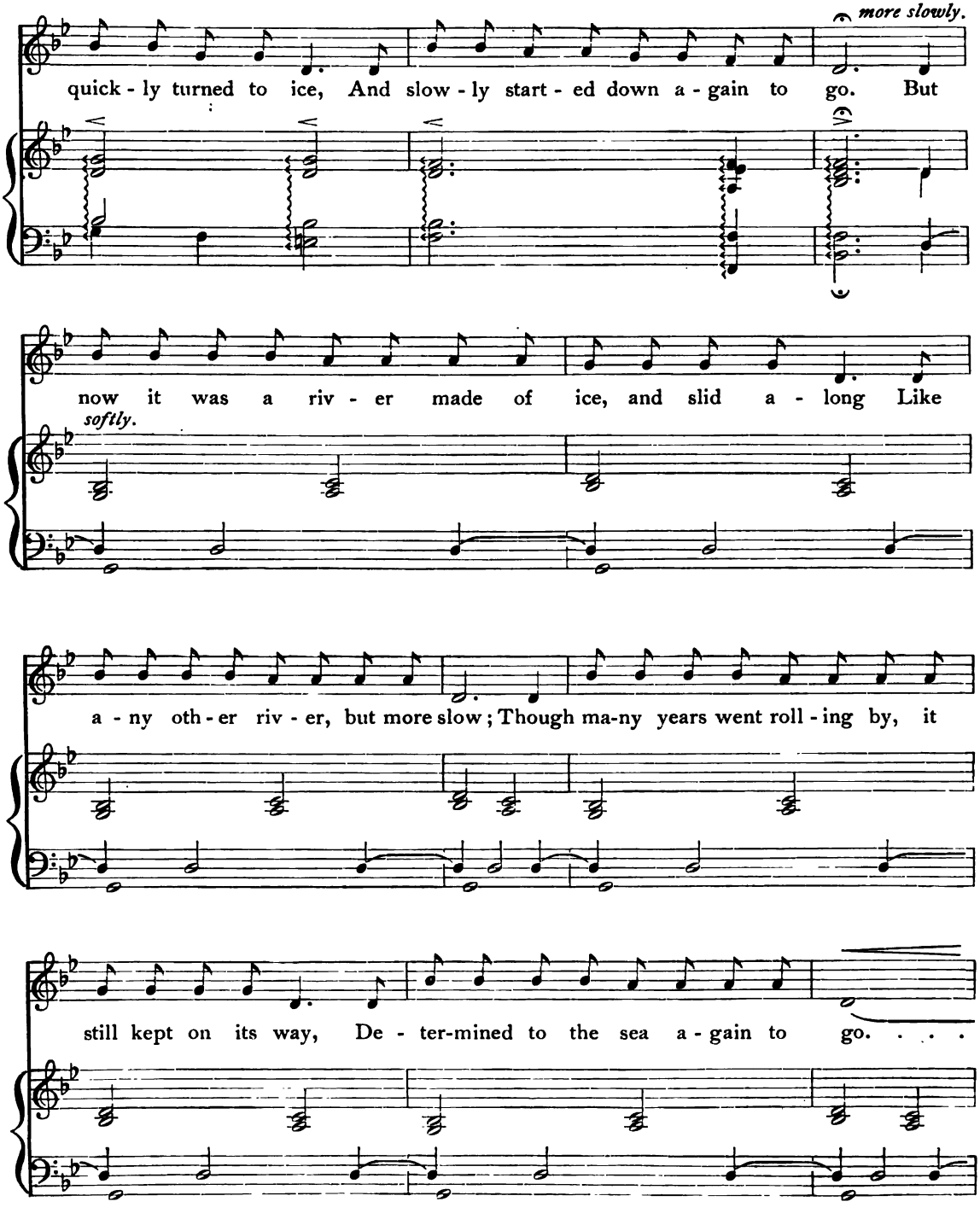

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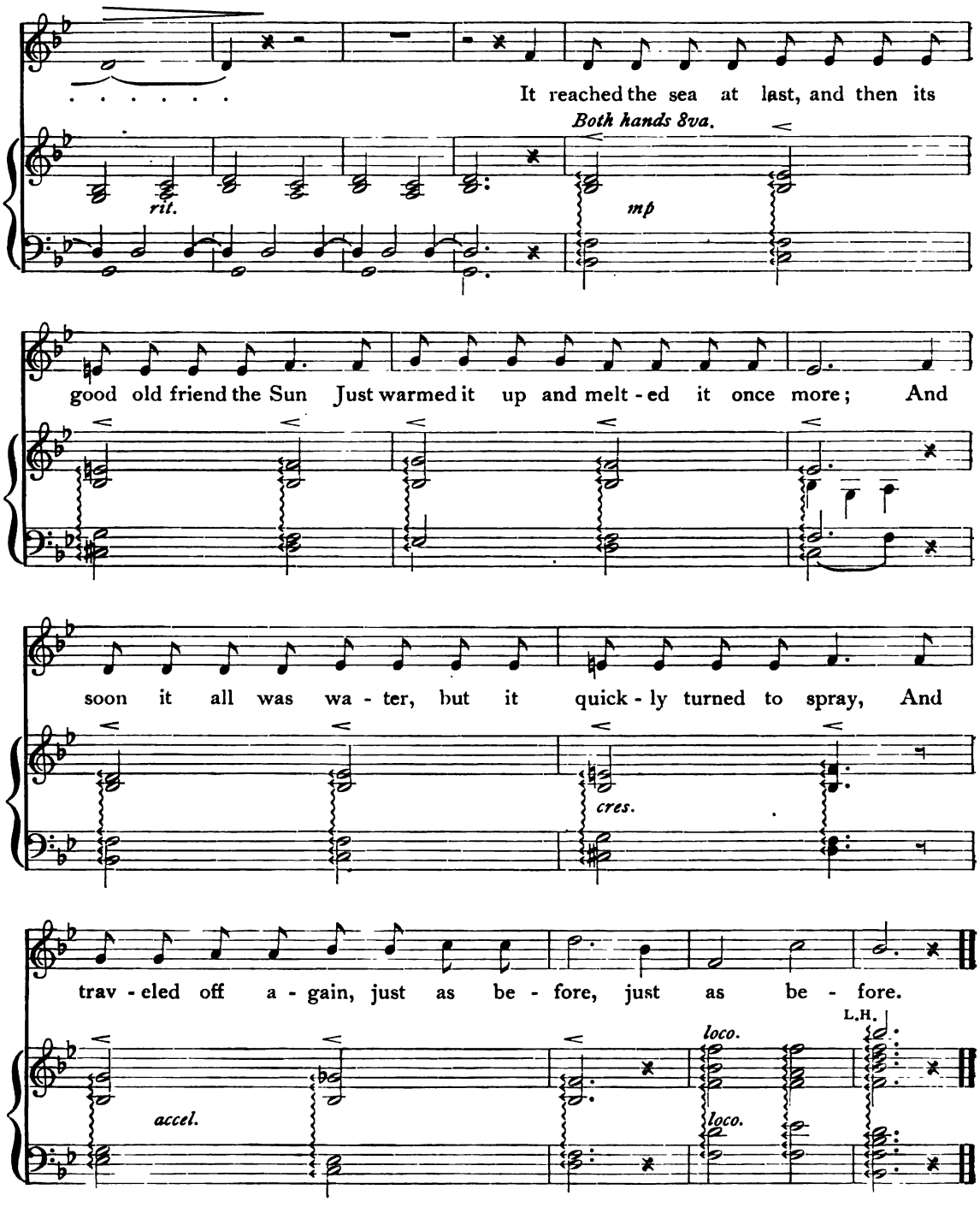

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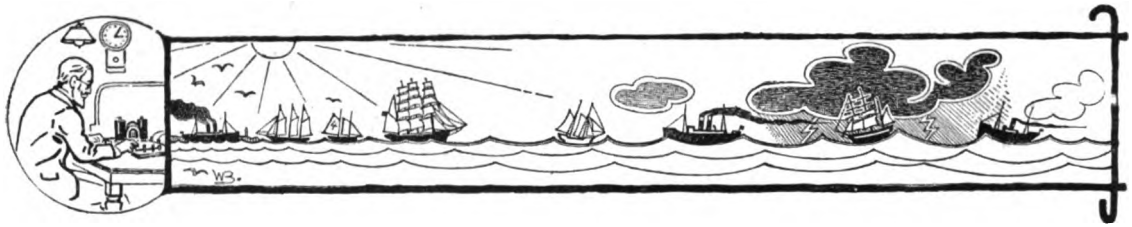
The Cable.

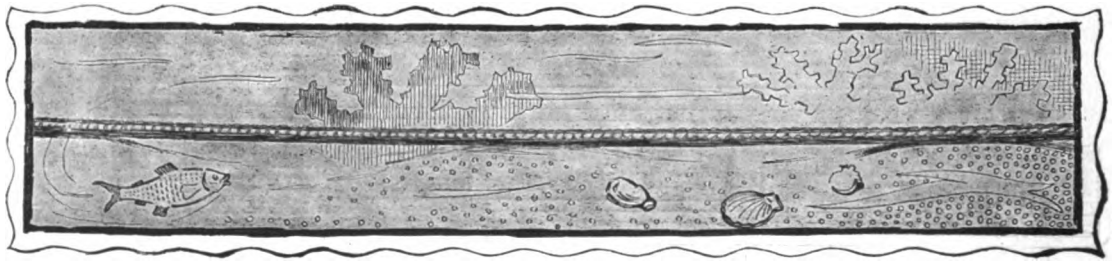


Slowly.

Up-on the bot-tom of the sea, far down beneath the waves, There

mf *mf*

lies a rope all made of wire, that ma-ny jour-neys saves; It



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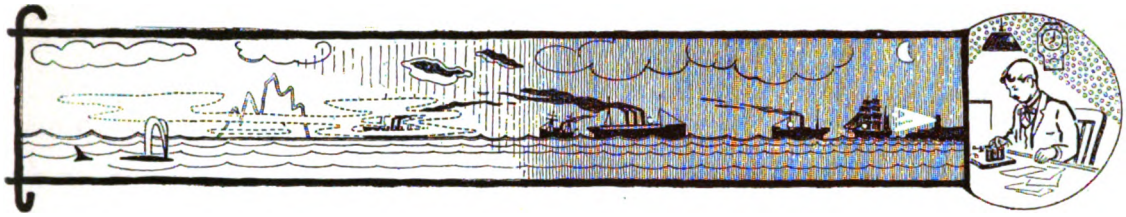


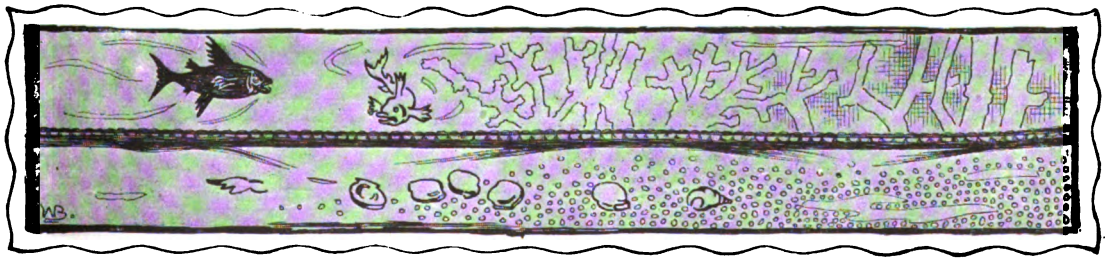
stretch - es out a - cross the sea to ev - 'ry land we know, And

cres.

FINE.

takes the news just like a flash wher - e'er it needs to go.

accel. *rit.*



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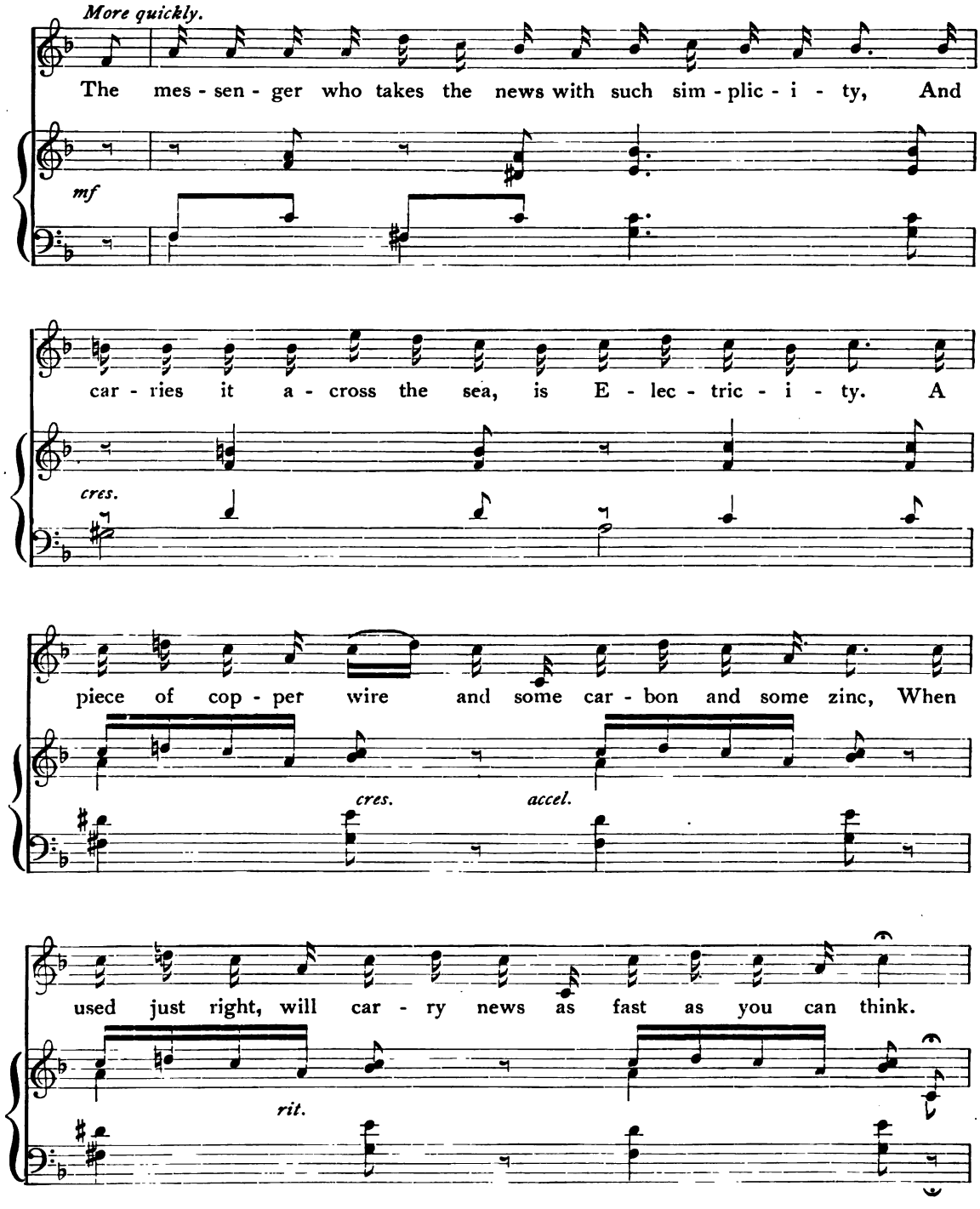

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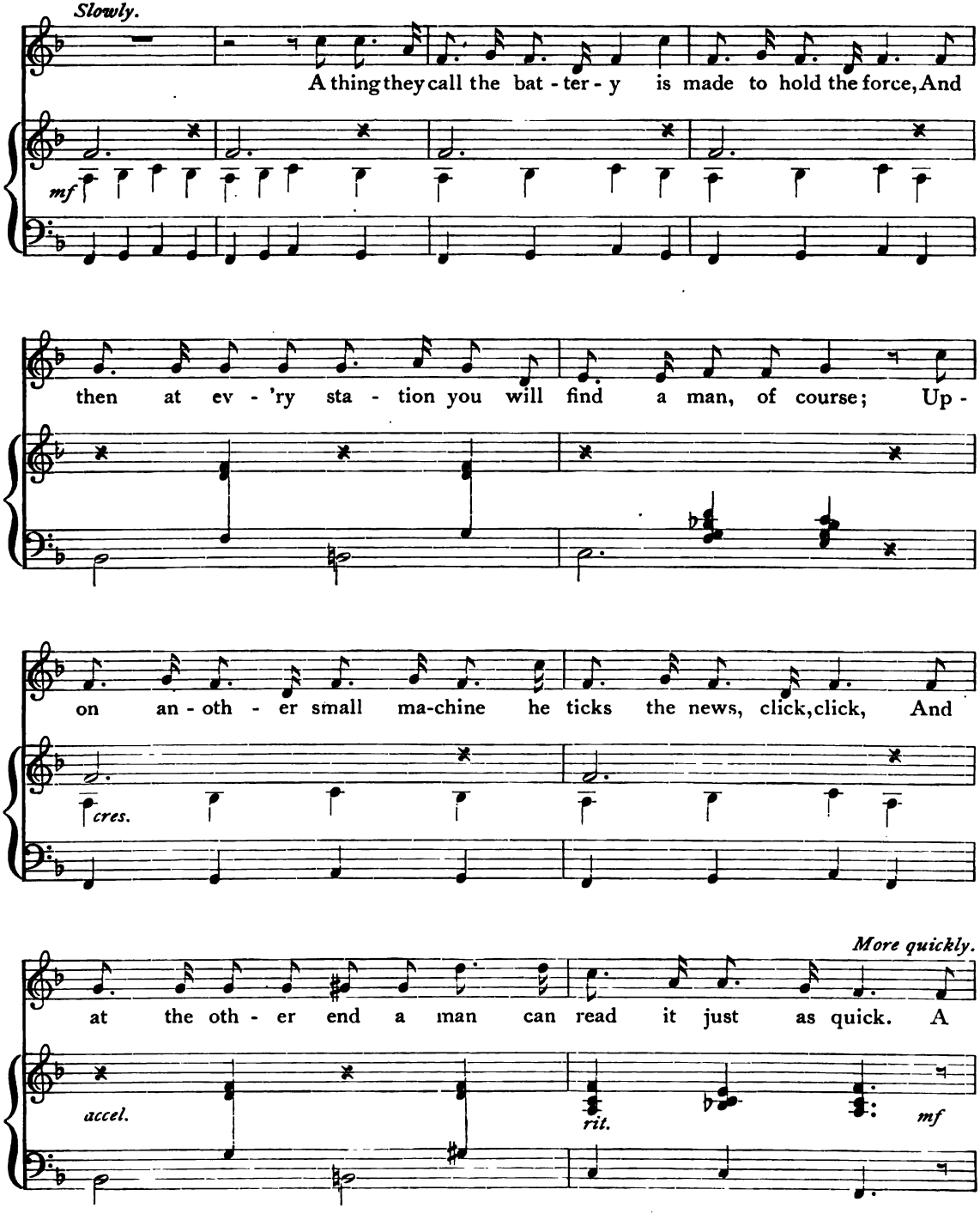

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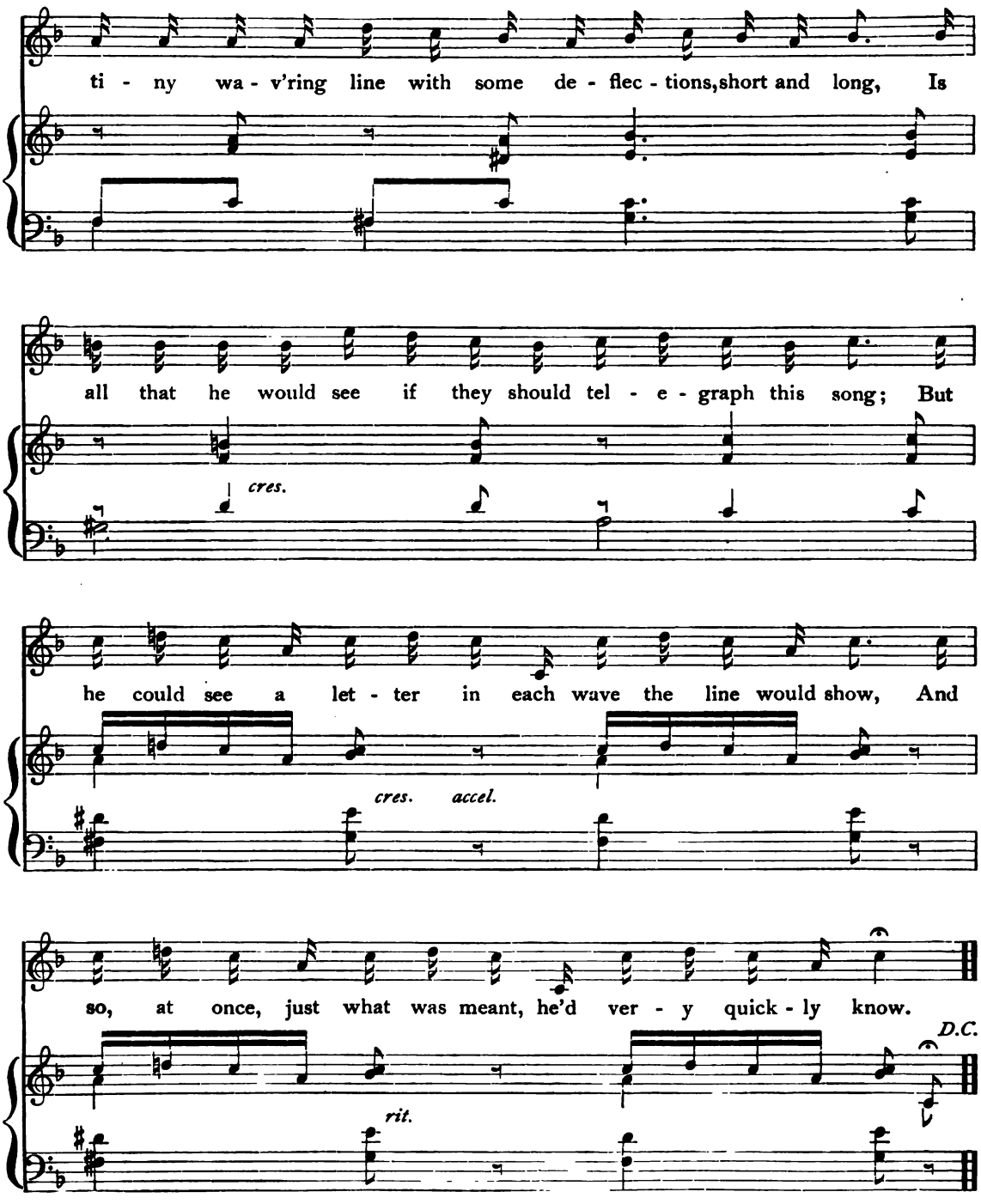

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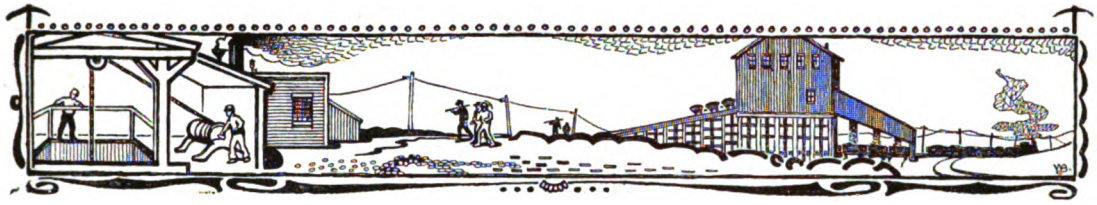
The Miner.



With spirit.

First with shov - el and a drill Ev - 'ry

f *m.*

man must work with will, And when they get a ver - y deep, big

cres.

hole, Then with pick and bar each day, And a

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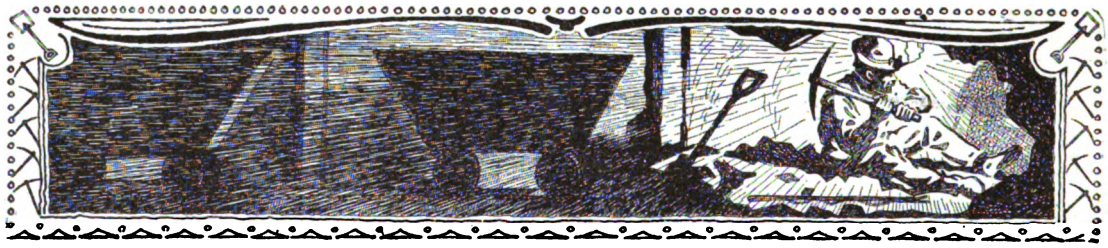
lamp to light the way, Down the Min - er goes to dig the good, black

rit.



coal. With a pick, pick, pick, And a tick, tick, tick, He digs the coal that

mp

keeps us warm; With his pick, pick, pick, And his tick, tick, tick, We

rit.

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hope that he'll be safe from harm. Then they

f *mf*

put it in a car, And it trav - els off so far, Un - til it

cres.

finds where peo-ple need a fire; And it warms us when it burns, And the

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fac-t'ry wheel it turns, And the Min-er digs as much as we re-quire. With a

rit. *mp*

pick, pick, pick, And a tick, tick, tick, He digs the coal that keeps us warm; With his

pick, pick, pick, And his tick, tick, tick, We hope that he'll be safe from harm.

rit.

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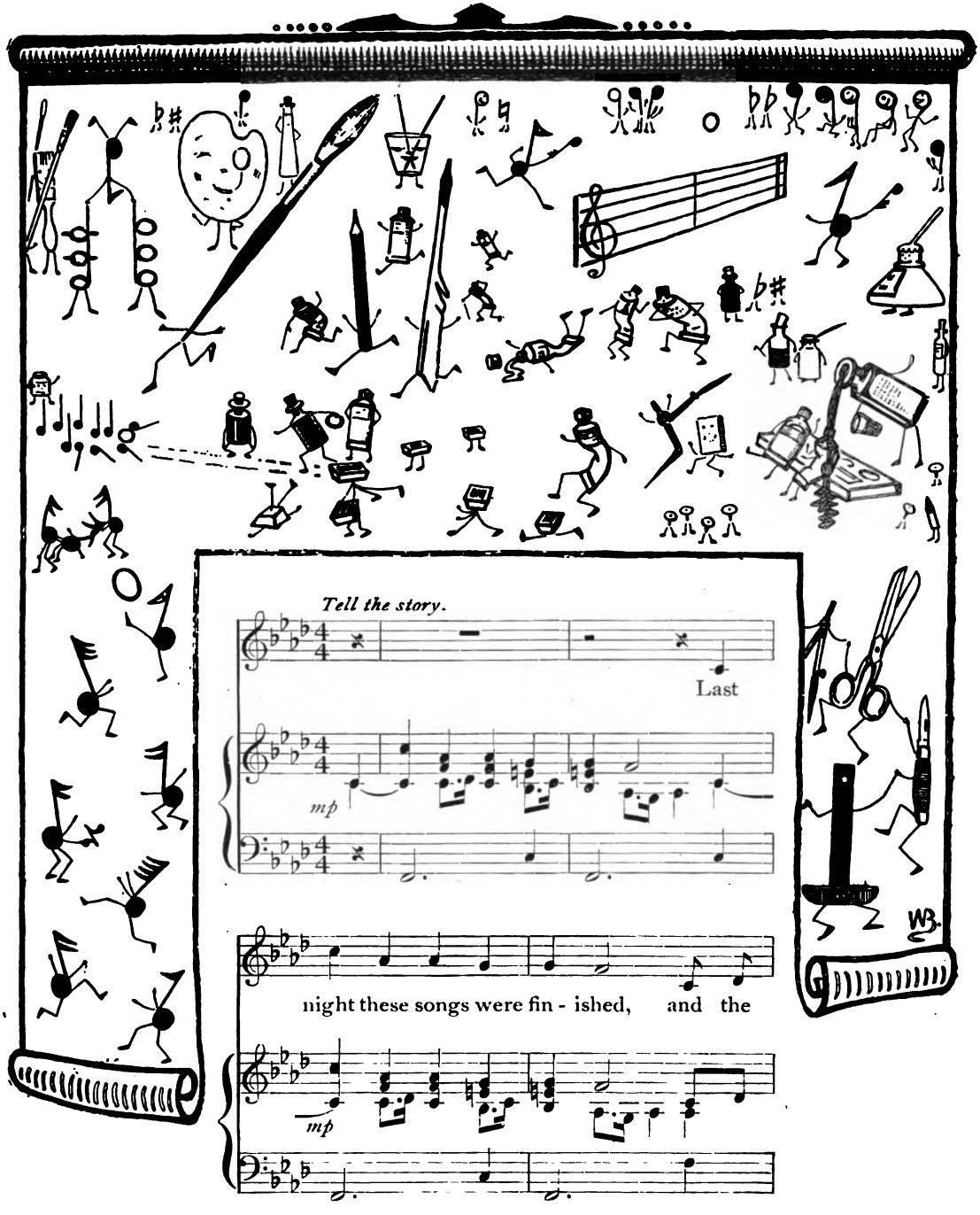
The Carnival.



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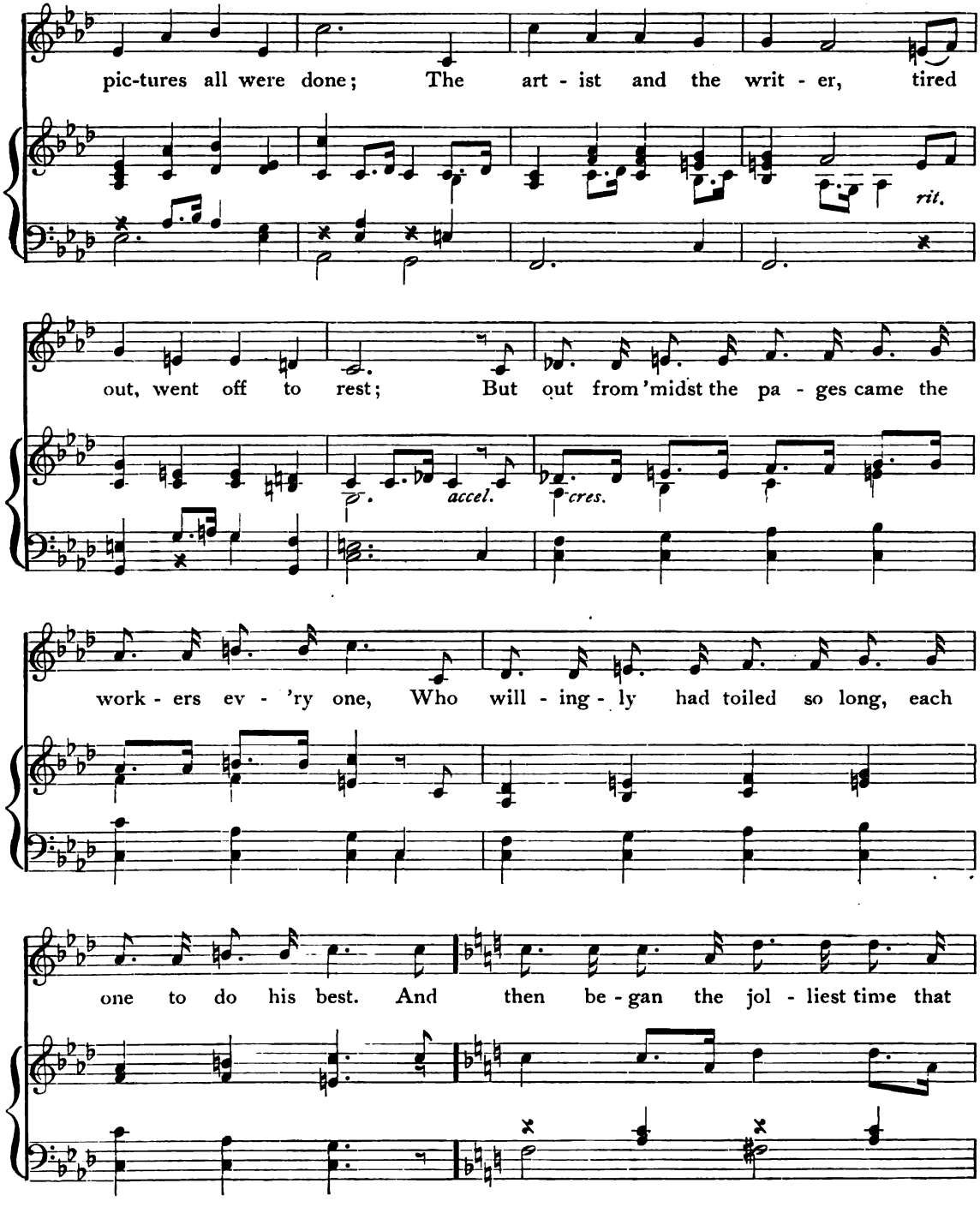

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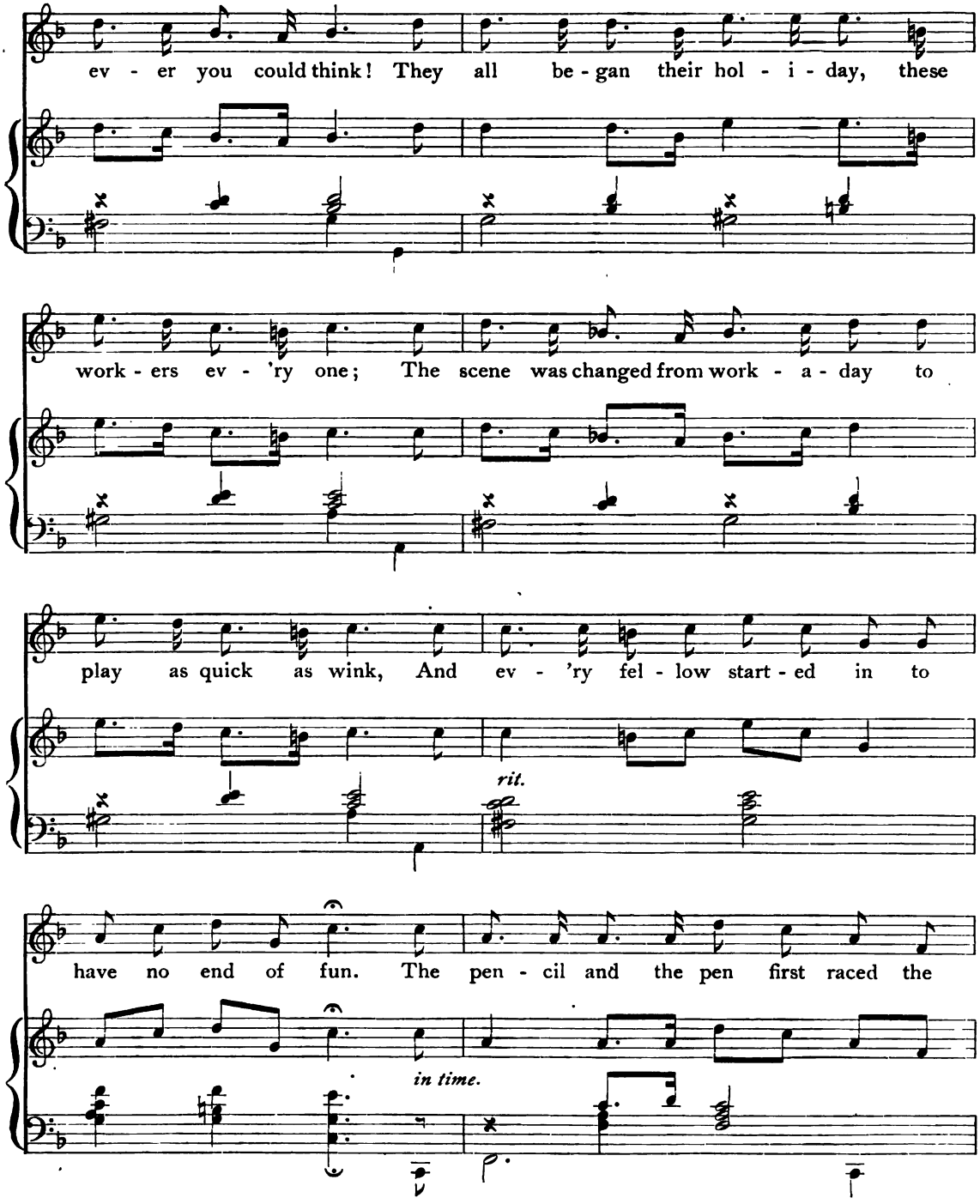

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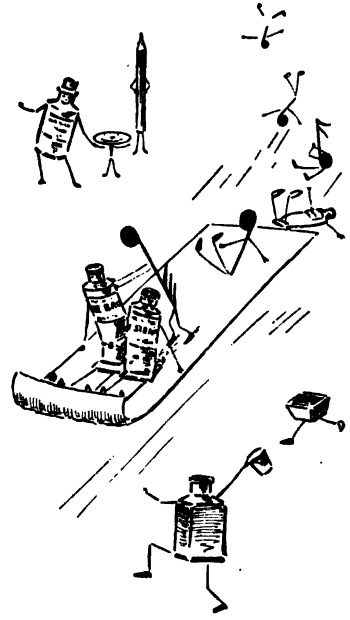
brush a - cross the page, And



all the lit - tle paint tubes joined, though

some were bent with age; And then the lit - tle eighth notes played at

rit.

ten - nis with the staff, And all the halves and quar - ters stood a -

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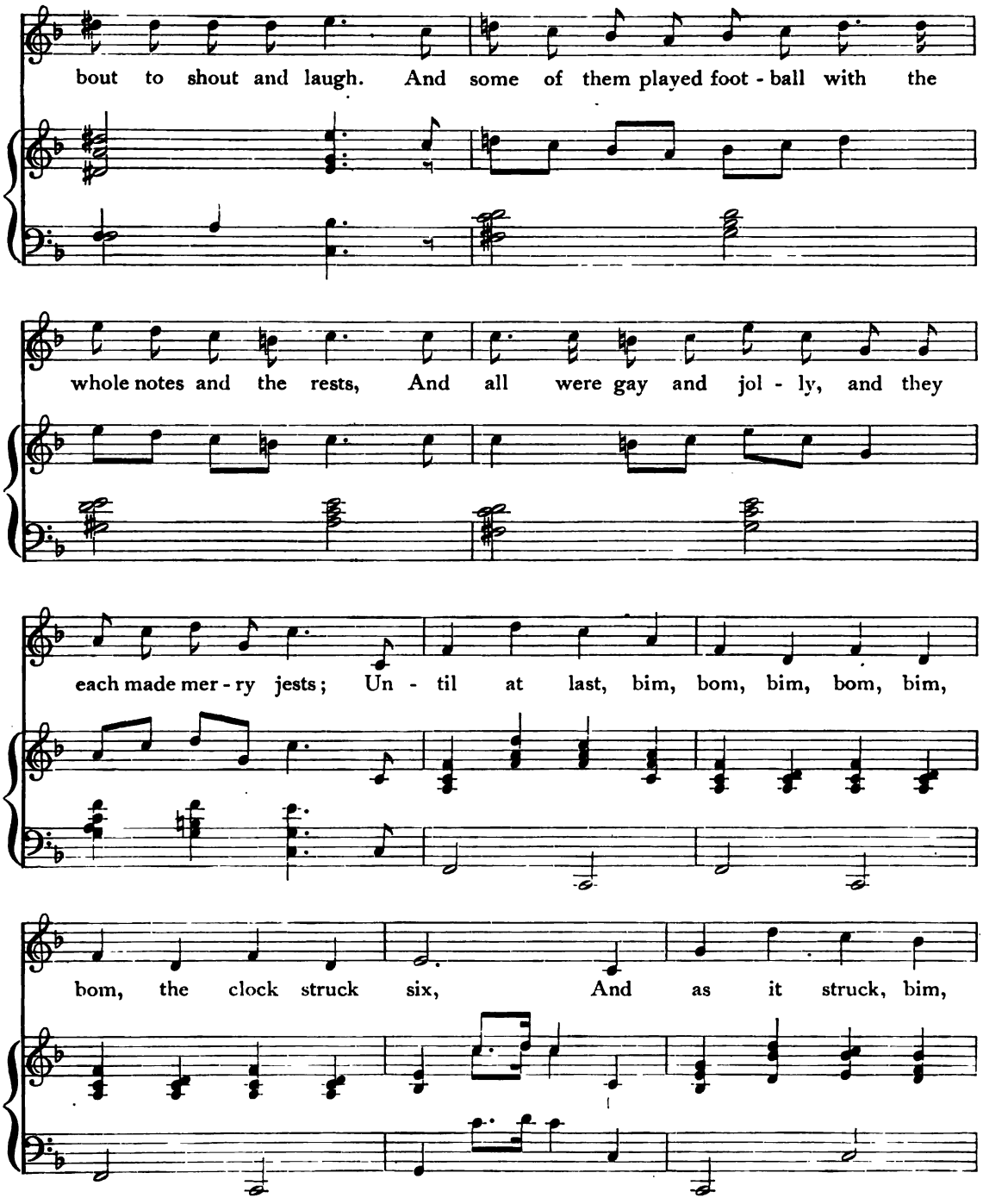

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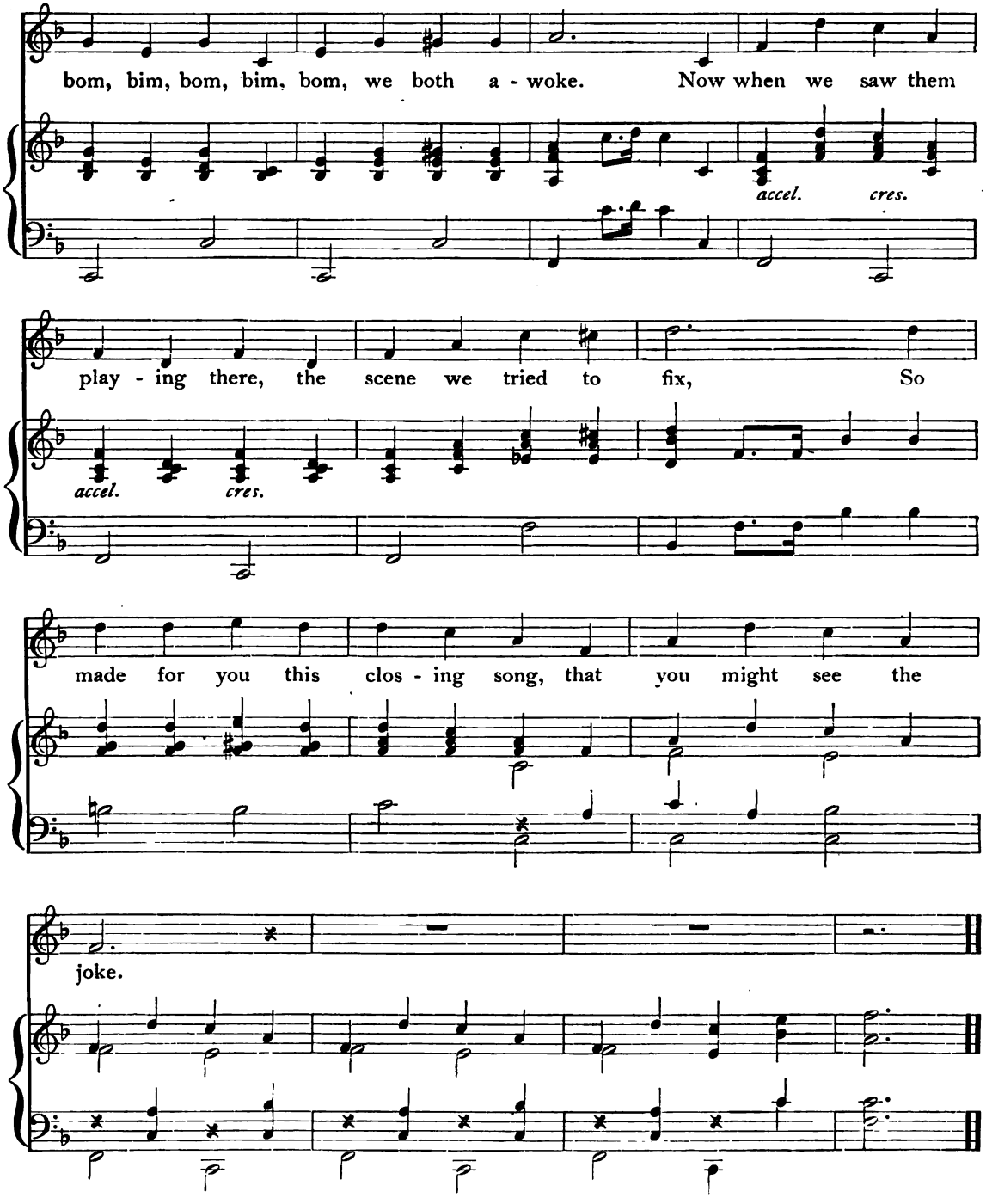

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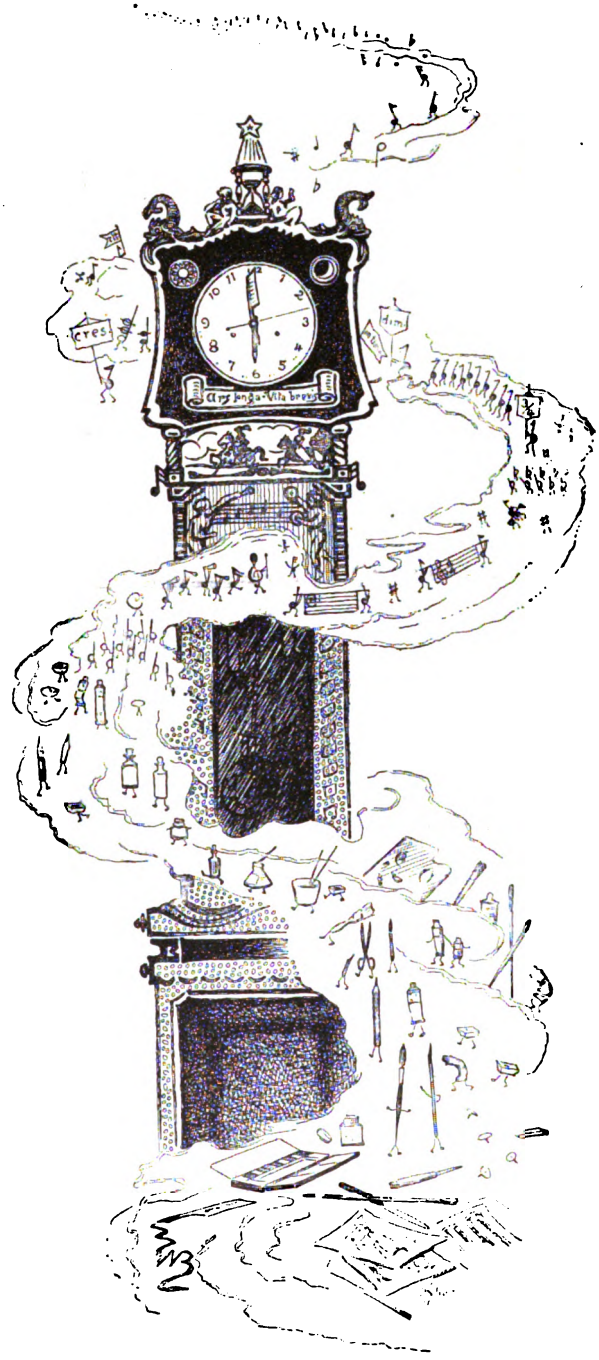

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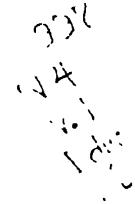

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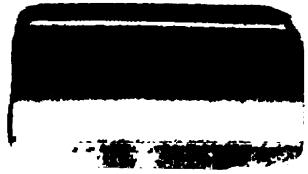

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